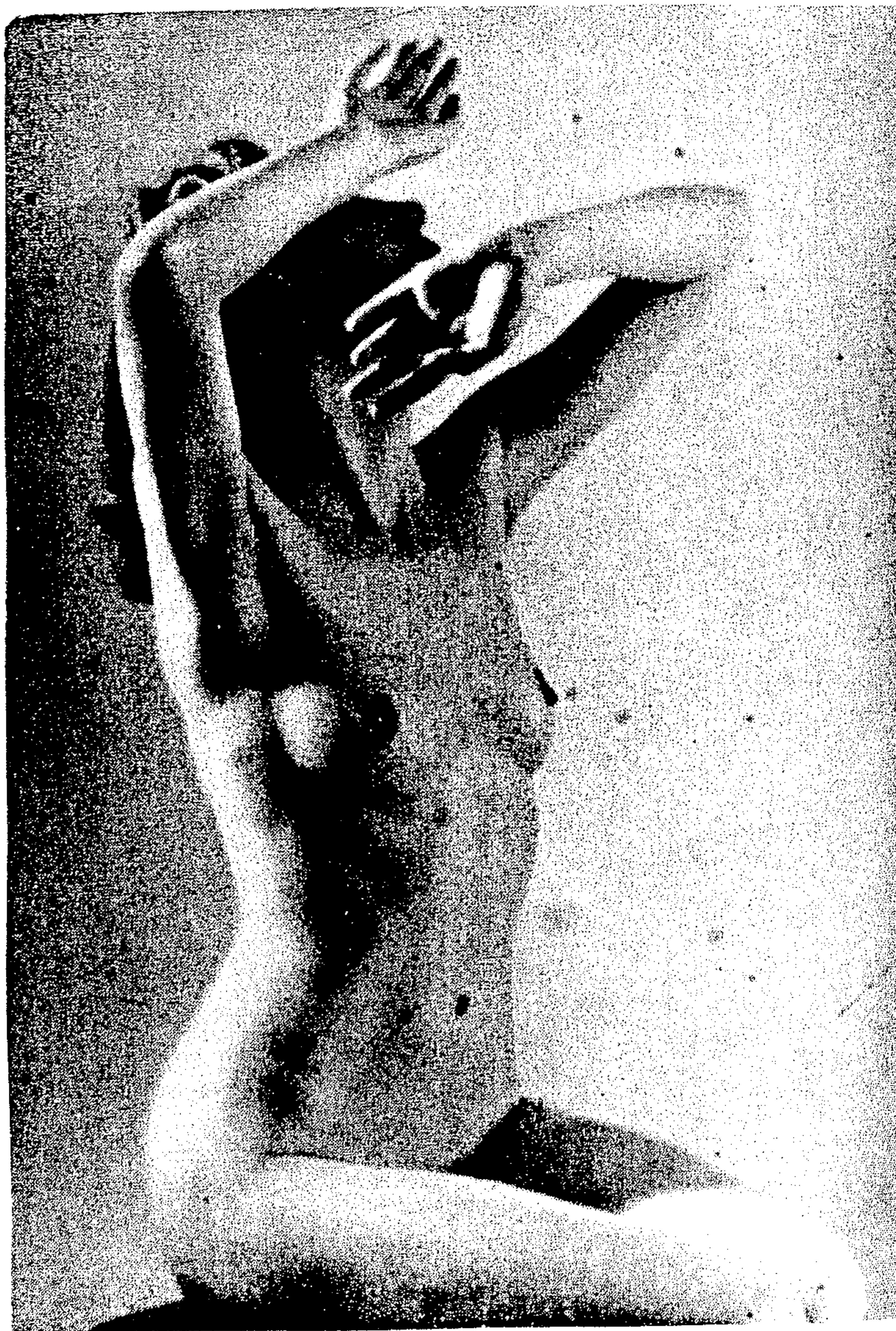


NEW IMPERIUM

Issue Three Metapolitical Journal of the New Right Price £3.00

PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS ORIENTATION FROM PHYSIOLOGY



ALSO IN THIS ISSUE:

- ❖ MICHAEL WOODBRIDGE: Persephone
- ❖ BILL HOPKINS: A Selection of Six Poems
- ❖ EOWYN: The Role of Sex & Gender in Odinism
- ❖ TROY SOUTHGATE & JONATHAN BOWDEN: Music & Book Reviews
- ❖ TROY SOUTHGATE: Revolutionary Nationalism: Vanguard of Ecological Sanity

EDITORIAL

Welcome to Issue Three of New Imperium magazine, published by the New Right. Last year proved to be a very interesting period for the New Right. Not only have we increased the regularity of our meetings, 2006 also saw the publication of Alain De Benoist's 'On Being A Pagan' in English for the very first time. Meanwhile, recent events both in the Middle East and right here in Europe have re-opened the fierce debate between the supporters of De Benoist and Identitarianism on the one hand, and those who prefer the ideas of Guillaume Faye and the so-called 'Clash of Civilisations' theory on the other. Faye has been accused of siding with Zionism and moving towards the Neoconservatives, whilst his opponents have accused De Benoist of selling out. We plan to examine these developments in the near future, so if you have an opinion we would be very pleased to hear from you. In the meantime, please enjoy our latest issue and – if you find it stimulating – please tell your friends and help us disseminate our ideas as widely as possible. Hail the Imperium!

EDITOR / DESIGN:

Troy Southgate

NEW RIGHT COMMITTEE:

Jonathan Bowden (Chairman), Troy Southgate (Organising Secretary), Michael Woodbridge (Treasurer), Jonothan Boulter (International Liaison Officer), James Pond (Artistic Consultant/Webmaster) & Ian Holloway (Security Officer)

ADDRESS:

New Right, BM Box LCRN, London WC1N 3XX, England

E-MAIL:

arktoslondon@yahoo.co.uk

NEW RIGHT WEBSITE:

<http://www.new-right.org>

NEW RIGHT E-GROUP:

http://groups.yahoo.com/group/new_right

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PERSEPHONE

By Michael Woodbridge

AS traditionalists we tend to understand, more than many others, the important role played by racial differences in determining a differential pattern of human behaviour. And yet, how much do we take for granted when we focus exclusively on the surface, empirical aspects of racial differences such as psychometrics or athletic prowess whilst ignoring those metaphysical concerns which appear as self-evident as the air we breathe but which are only revealed as obvious when we employ our intuition?

It was during a recent period of enforced convalescence that I took to reading some of John Buchan's short stories. Buchan has always been a problem for the modernist but it was not until I came across one particular story that I realised just how much of a problem! He is too great a writer, too accomplished a man to be ignored or lightly dismissed. Apart from his popularity as a thriller writer, of which *The Thirty-Nine Steps* is probably the most famous, he excelled in many different fields, eventually serving as Governor-General of Canada from 1935 until his death in 1940. However, what may be an embarrassment to our dissipated modernist becomes a source of inspiration and encouragement to ourselves.

In 1910 Buchan wrote a story called *The Grove of Astaroth*, through which the main protagonist is drawn by his Jewish blood into a self-destructive worship of the ancient goddess Astaroth. The setting is in Africa, where two travellers, the part-Jewish Lawson, together with our narrator, happen upon an ancient temple set amidst a grove of tall, slender trees. Our narrator is able to surmise through his archaeological knowledge that the temple is devoted to the Old Testament goddess, Astaroth, who had a devastating effect upon the Jew and who was eventually driven away by the prophet Elijah. Lawson, whose Jewish grandfather was said to sell antiques in a Brighton back-street, is strangely fascinated by the place and decides to build his home by the temple. One is somewhat reminded of Jack London's book, *The Call of the Wild*, where a dog, half-husky and half-wolf, returns to its wolf pack in the wilderness.

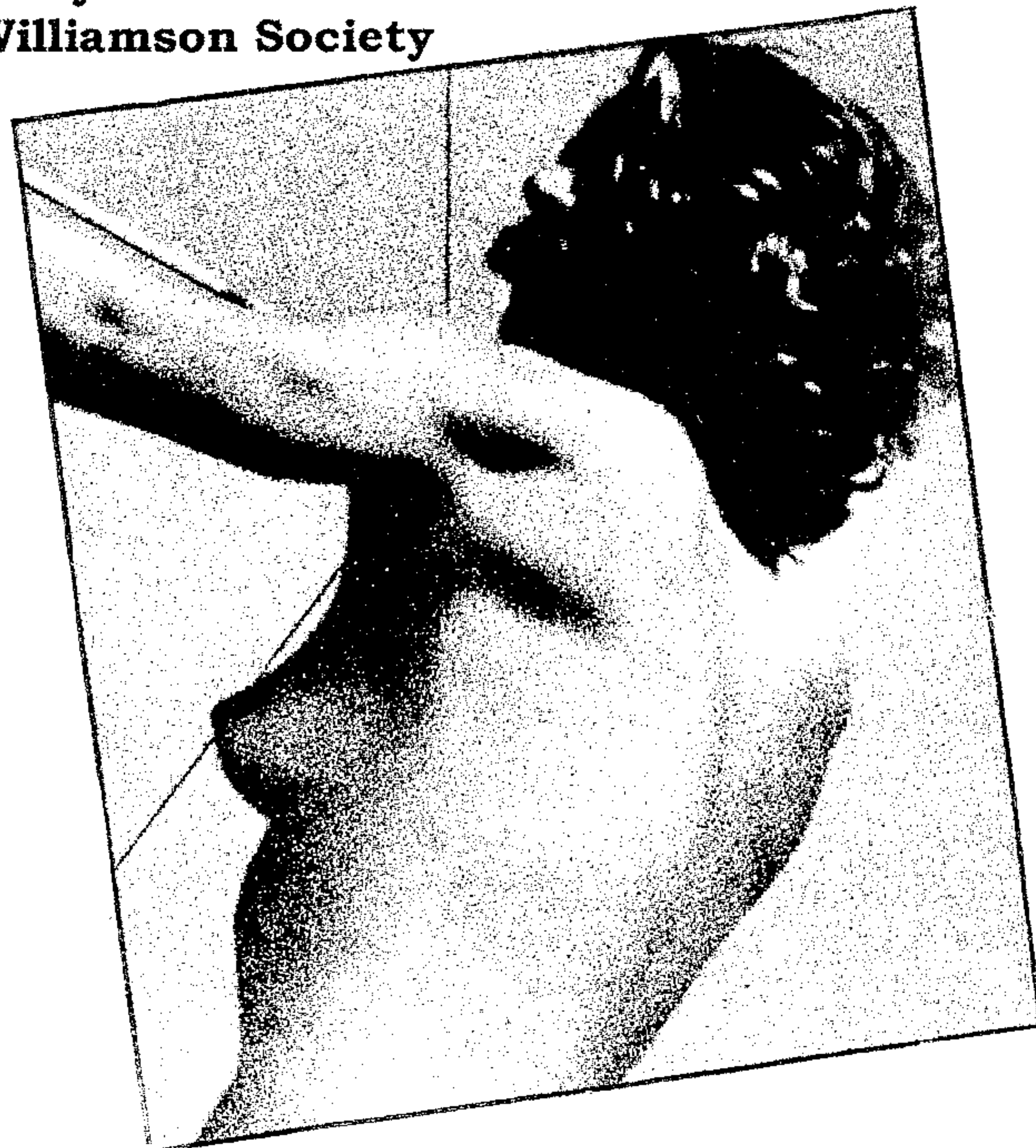
Three years later our narrator revisits the spot to find the home completed but Lawson in an unaccountable state of physical and moral decline. It transpires that Lawson has been compelled by some dark force to visit the shrine regularly every night and thence to lacerate himself in a self-destructive frenzy.

Now the interesting thing about the story is that while Astaroth has a deleterious effect on the part-Semitic Lawson, she has precisely the opposite effect on our Gentile

narrator. Astaroth was the Jewish equivalent of the goddess Persephone who, as a goddess of fertility, cast a beneficent influence upon the Aryan peoples of Ancient Greece. Nevertheless, against his finer feelings, our narrator decides to save his friend by felling and burning the trees, breaking down the temple and ploughing the whole lot back into the soil. As he does so he hears a gentle voice pleading, a voice too fine for the sensual ear but touching the inner clouds of the spirit. He is aware that he is destroying the last shelter of a lost lady who brought nothing but goodness unrepaid into the World. He also reasons that the spell which to Semitic blood holds the mystery of evil is to him, of a different race, only delicate, rare and beautiful. He knows that he has 'driven something lovely and adorable from its last refuge on earth.'

Naturally this story, written as it was in 1910, opens up more questions than can easily be answered. Its strength is that such questions go to the heart of our thinking. For instance, how much of her own soul did Britain plough back into the soil as a direct consequence of saving the interests of Organised Jewry against its German 'enemy' in the Second World War? The more discerning amongst us can see how the true enemies of European values have manipulated the consequences of the German defeat to foster an all-pervading cult of ugliness, deaf to the gentle pleading of our inner selves. So, we might ask, has this only been made possible by 'something lovely and adorable being driven from its last refuge on earth'? In which case, as traditionalists, how do we reawaken our racial soul to entice her back?

Michael Woodbridge is a British National Party activist and member of the Henry Williamson Society



species, including in human beings. At the most obvious level, the interaction of men and women is crucial for the creation of children and hence, the survival of a family and the community. However, in order for this to happen successfully, the underlying male and female energies need to be balanced and to complement one another, otherwise there will be a dominance of one energy over another- an imbalance which will ultimately weaken both polarities and hence, the ability of a group to survive. We witness this crisis in wider society today where the insidious poison of monotheistic mindsets that denigrate the female energies has led to a materialistic society whose very fabric flouts natural law, creating pollution, apathy, lack of principle, family and community breakdown in its wake. Thus, all life is weakened.

Perhaps the major way in which the female energies have been denigrated is via the taboos set up around that natural event in women known as the menstrual cycle. This cycle has been culturally dichotomised into the 'acceptable' and the 'unacceptable' halves of womanhood. It is a gross distortion which arises from the patriarchal- or 'addictive system,' as I prefer to call it, because of the numbing behaviour patterns it creates for the benefit of the globalisation agenda- a system which damages both men and women. This system underpins western culture and its wellsprings arise from the desert creed ethos. Here the female body and sexuality are described in pathological terms and both are seen as responsible for the downfall of *mankind*- a position allegedly attributable to Eve's exploits in the biblical Garden of Eden. According to the Judaeo-Christian mythology on which this whole cultural paradigm rests and which is enshrined in their 'word of god' known as the Bible, their god allowed Adam and Eve to eat the fruit from any tree in the garden- except for the 'forbidden' fruit from the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil- *which stood beside the Tree of Life at the centre of the garden*. He told them the fruit would cause their death. However, the serpent that dwelt there informed Eve this wouldn't happen and indeed, that the fruit would open their eyes and allow them to be as gods, with knowledge of 'good and evil.' Thus, the serpent had granted Eve freewill and she chose to eat the fruit and to share it with her husband Adam: the fruit was an apple which, when halved, reveals the pentagram of the witches. Henceforth she possessed- according to the dissecting language of the Christian mythos- the 'knowledge of good and evil.' Of course, the vengeful Christian god cursed the serpent above all other creatures, foisted the pain of childbirth upon Eve, ordered Adam to rule over her, and duly expelled them from the Garden of Eden lest Adam too ate from the Tree of Life, henceforth banishing them to a life of perpetual toil. He then set cherubims and a flaming sword at the east of the garden to guard the Tree of Life.

This insidious and life-denying mythology has been devastating to our folk and folksoul. Immediately, it presents women and men as adversaries- a fundamentally erroneous principle that is alien to natural law. Further, it degrades women to that of second-class citizens and along with it, their natural functions of menstruation and childbirth. And because we are all born from the womb of a woman, this poisonous creed states that we are all 'born into sin' and can never atone for it. Meanwhile their apparently perfect god sits apart from nature, covertly spying upon us in all we do, passing judgement according to unattainable standards of perfection and if necessary, sending us into the eternal sadomasochistic fires of Hell when we die. Of course, this fosters a climate of fear and in that fear, blame: women become the scapegoats because they are seen as being responsible for this perceived 'downfall.'

So how can we begin to redress this gross misconception back towards its true and natural life-affirming status? To begin with, we can review our understanding of the menstrual cycle; for if we study it, we can see that it is actually a microcosmic manifestation of the seasonal cycles: each 'portion' has its moods and shifts but it is always a 'face' of the whole dynamic of nature's life/death/rebirth cycle. The characteristics of the ovulatory pole are like summer, whilst those of the menstrual pole are akin to winter, with the pre-ovulatory ones being like spring and the premenstrual aspects, autumn. Cycles give rise to regeneration and renewal: without them, we would be totally run down- just as if we were to have a continual summer which frazzled all the vegetation or a perpetual winter, where nothing could grow to fruition. Cycles pace us and give us prescience and the ability to 'feel' around 'corners,' acting as a crucible or container in which nothing is static and everything is alive and responsive; thus, they create a dynamic field in which the shifting current prevents stagnation and decay- a clear running river instead of a stagnant pond. The energies pervading the seasonal cycles also pervade the rhythms and energies of the universe and are encapsulated in the mythologies of folk as archetypes. An archetype is a representative character, which enables us to identify certain characteristics and images about specific energies and thus, they help mediate the message of that particular stream of energy. But it must always be remembered that an archetype provides a map and is not the territory: a map is static; territory undulates, changes, is not isolated from other influences and it is travelled. And so it is that archetypes are useful introductions to understanding an energy- a learning device and doorway; but they are merely a facet- an artificially defined locus upon the whole to which they are integral- and this fact must always be remembered.

Unfortunately though, we have to face the reality that wider global culture does not support the cyclical and instead, seeks to 'flatten' these events into an erroneous ego-

defined illusion of 'perfect states' and seemingly endless productivity to mirror this perfect god. In doing so, it has entered a negative spiral of increasing sickness and disease that mirrors the toxic wellsprings of the predominant mythology. And when studied, we find the root of this poison is indeed the transglobal fear and denial of the menstrual cycle. The three main global taboos are blood, sex and death, all of which are integral to one another and, if studied, reveal the very fonts of wisdom the vengeful desert creeds would deny us. Even the word 'taboo' means- paradoxically- sacred, danger and menstrual! So where menstruating women such as the Oracle of Delphi, (*Delphus* means womb), were once revered for their powers of prophecy and intuition the event opens them to, a climate of fear-based and irrational- often superstitious- behaviours now surrounds our entire cultural perception of it as a 'contaminating event.'

Springing from these core taboos, we find a hub of wider cultural thinking which enshrines three fundamental beliefs:

Disease is the enemy: values of destruction and violence are elevated against those of peace and nurturance. Military metaphors describe our bodies and there is a preference to treat the 'part' in isolation with drugs or surgery etc as opposed to non-toxic 'alternative' therapies. The body is subordinate to the brain and values of 'reason.'

Medical science is omnipotent: we look outside ourselves for answers to health problems rather than trusting our instincts and ourselves. The inherent focus is pathological: our bodies are 'accidents waiting to happen' and so focus is upon the negative and using outside technology to solve the defined 'problem' rather than nurturing the healthy aspects of the individual to effect healing- i.e. labels are used to 'flatten' us instead of working towards a 'wholeness of heart and being.'

The female body is abnormal: by equating male with 'the norm,' women tend to internalise the idea their bodies are basically unacceptable; this includes their shapes, dimensions (our cultural ideal 'model' weighs about 17% less than the average woman), personal hygiene, attitudes towards bodily parts and general distrust of the self. The 'paternalistic' tendencies of the medical system have meant the essentially female processes of menstruation, childbirth and menopause are viewed as 'problems' requiring medical intervention.

The body and mind affect each other profoundly: the body-mind is an ever-changing dynamic field of energy and not a static physical structure. It is a hologram in which every part contains information about the whole and vice versa. Thus, at one level, women appear to have learnt a 'language of oppression' in response to the dominant cultural mind-set, which manifests as the 'premenstrual syndrome,' pain and menopausal distress. Medics then attempt

to suppress the presenting 'isolated' symptoms with tranquillisers, 'the pill' and hormone replacement therapy (HRT), all of which have numerous side-effects as well as being dangerous drugs which usually sink the distress deeper within the woman's body-mind. Remember, chemicals and their resonances befuddle the mind and spirit as much- if not more- than the 'right thinking' popularly touted in the New Age market as the panacea for all problems. This is hardly surprising since the menstrual cycle is coordinated by the hypothalamus in the brain- the primordial, preternatural, reptilian brain, which connects with our 'gut feelings' about all life events. 'The pill' and HRT impose a homogenous cycle upon women, thus 'flattening' it by eliminating the natural fluctuations at the menstrual pole. By inducing a 'placid cow' syndrome, 'the pill' appears liberating, 'freeing women from the tyranny of menstruation,' thus 'giving' them 'sexual freedom.' In actuality, it creates a state in which the body-mind 'thinks' it is pregnant, so will- ironically- often damp sexual activity, encourage a plethora of health problems and weight gain and of course, suppress the inherent 'lunar' wisdom of the period. Indeed, menstrual distress is an alarm bell, warning us of the faults in our cultural paradigms. And because we have consistently ignored them, nemesis is being visited upon us: environmental toxins and oestrogen mimics - known as xenoestrogens- from 'the pill' and chemicals are wreaking havoc upon our very reproductive capacity and the health of the future generation. Ironically, the predominant menstrual disturbances manifest as hyperoestrogenism- that is, too much oestrogen in the body- as if to overtly emphasise our culture's pathological focus upon one 'acceptable' half of the cycle!

In accord with this denigration of the female principle is the dogmatic assignment of 'value' to the terms 'masculine' and 'feminine.' Hence, the so-called 'masculine' values of dynamism, strength, rationality etc have been seen as of a more 'positive' value than the so-called 'feminine' values of receptivity, passivity, intuition etc. This is reflected by the importance wider society places on so-called 'successful careers' and 'roles:' usually, those activities regarded as 'successful' call for the exhibition of the apparent 'masculine' qualities, whilst the crucial 'feminine' roles of housewife and mother- which ultimately nurture the emergence of the masculine qualities- are riddled with low expectation and given a reduced status. As a result of this insidious conditioning, many people unconsciously equate 'role,' 'value' and 'gender' with one another and hence, their sense of self-esteem and level of personal development may well be undermined by the limits of these 'labels.' This placing of comparative 'value' on the two genders has seriously threatened the integrity of the family and through it, the community; as we see today, this leads to

divisiveness, chaos, weakening and the denigration of all.

In actuality, both male and female energies are powerful and complementary. Let us consider for one moment the case of a pride of lions hunting. Typically, we see that the physically stronger males will cut out and drive the quarry away from its herd and towards the waiting females, who will pounce and administer the final death-dealing bite to the jugular. Thus, both are hunters; and yet, this is an adjective that is so often extolled as being a typically male characteristic. But it is this teamwork, which provides meat for the pride. Similarly, we note that the territorial 'warrior' aspect of the male lion will ensure that the females can raise their cubs in a protected environment. However, this does not mean the female is passive: her smaller size, agility and cunning will make her a fast and powerful killer of any creature threatening her cubs. Is she any less of a 'warrior' because of the different methods she uses towards the same ends- that of protection and ultimately, survival of the pride? Nature has endowed both male and female with the ability to protect, but in different ways, which complement and enhance the other's ability. This leads to more skilful living and hence, greater success of the species.

Sex is a powerful and crucial cohesive force within a folk community; it is the substrate which binds the group through the medium of male and female sexual attraction and if these polar energies are properly balanced and thus catalysing each other's essential nature of being, then the folk group will be strong. It is as though this basic interaction that Orlog gave us as a fundamental rule of nature acts like a tuning fork whose resonance vibrates through the community to maintain the natural alignment of energies. This resonance is shaped over millennia via a complex interplay of genetics, culture, environment and folk Gods. And because different folk groups will resonate in different ways- to a different tune so to speak- then it can be seen that the force of sexual attraction- when operating in balance- will also be a naturally powerful way of maintaining racial integrity so that the diversity of the different races can occupy different niches within nature. Thus, in so doing, the natural world's resources do not become exhausted and all of nature thrives; once again, we see the wisdom of Orlog's rules.

However, the poison within the collective psyche has effectively dichotomised the female principle into 'acceptable' and 'unacceptable' halves, epitomised by the desert creed ideas of the virgin Mary- whose conception of Jesus is referred to as having been immaculate i.e. it did not involve the sexual act, and Mary Magdalene- the 'scarlet woman' of sin. Hence, a terrible all-pervading guilt about sex swamps our culture and creates many of the social problems we witness today. Several have been passed down the generations. Consequently,

because sex cannot be dispensed with and yet, is riddled with negative connotations, it has instead become dissected out in the collective psyche as a separate 'thing,' a commodity to be 'had' and hence, not fully understood as an integral aspect of a balanced, loving and fidelitous relationship. Then, in a rebellious attempt to fight against this inculcated guilt, the very idea of fidelity is also rejected whilst sex is sought promiscuously as a means of entertainment in the mistaken belief that 'picking up' a partner for the night or weekend is freedom and liberation. In fact, it does nothing but prevent the catalysis and deepening of the polar relationships at more levels than the physical and further, will merely affect the individual's own energies negatively at both the subtle and grosser levels of being. AIDS is a syndrome arising from erosion of the body's immune system; yet, not all people contacting the HIV virus develop AIDS because disease... think for a moment about the word, 'dis-ease'... can exist at any level on our spectrum of energy frequencies: for all is energy. Indeed, we can learn something from the genuine practise of the tantric arts: it is the awakening of the kundalini energies and their correct mediation through the chakras that will lead to spiritual enlightenment in a balanced polar partnership. And menstruation is a time in a woman's cycle when there is a great chakra cleansing by this force.

So by making menstruation a taboo subject, it has been one of the most successful methods ever devised to undermine the self-acceptance and confidence of women via the persecution of half their sexual nature. This revised persecution of women- witches- and thus indirectly men also via the desert creed poison- is the critique of the menstrual cycle and the creation of the so-called 'Women's Liberation' movement. It is a paradigm, which serves the globalisation agenda admirably. Having denigrated the -apparently- 'feminine' principles and extolled the virtues of the -apparently- 'masculine,' women are encouraged to become prototype 'men' in their bid for perceived equality. Of course, such aspiration automatically precludes the importance of the menstrual cycle to women: for all the psyche quarrying that feminist literature thrives upon, it rarely ever mentions menstruation and if it does, it is either somehow degraded or perceived as being of little consequence. As a movement, feminism maintains the culture of blame so beloved of the desert creeds: in referring to the wider cultural system as being 'patriarchal,' feminists blame men for all the problems and injustices when in fact, it is both sexes who perpetuate a wider cultural system that abuses all and keeps them stuck in patterns of addictive behaviour. These only momentarily satiate unexpressed natural needs relating to soul growth before more is required- the ideal consumer! Unfortunately, what many of these women also don't realise is that the very role model they are attempting to emulate in the

hope of being 'empowered and independent' is actually a pacified robotic shell in service to the globalisation agenda that also alienates them from their families: so much for liberation!

In close accord with the manipulation of feminism by the transglobal powers that be is New Ageism and to a large extent, modern 'paganism' and Wicca, all of which support the universalistic viewpoint that all gods are one god and all goddesses one goddess. As such, notions of interfaith debate and amalgamation are fostered because all are seen to be of equal value. Wicca itself often veers towards a monotheistic approach in which the goddess will be seen as of more importance than her consort and again, many women with feminist interests are attracted to it. Meanwhile, both men and women will seek to 'merge with' the energies of the opposite sex via the godforms being invoked. This pollutes both the primal male and primal female energies and ultimately disempowers both men and women. Additionally, a feeling of solidarity with other 'disadvantaged' groups such as homosexuals or victims of disasters in obscure countries is fostered via the equal rights and political correctness lobby and used to tighten the noose towards global slavery; the latter helps asset strip nations via funds donated to 'help' disasters abroad- providing they reach the intended destinations in the first instance! Of course, this is a relatively easy thing to achieve because the 'changes' in their religious views from orthodoxy are more cosmetic than foundational, being somewhat existential in approach and having as a fundamental law 'do what thou wilt as long as it harms none'- the perfect recipe for pressing those tattooed guilt buttons! In the meantime, many of the 'New Age' spiritual practises that are taught actually work against women's natural cycles and as such, continue the oppression of their primal female nature. Yet paradoxically, the majority of those attending such conferences are women! When the fundamental understanding that life in the modern world actively suppress the natural law of cycles to the disadvantage of *both men and women*- and coupled with the relentless political machinations of the globalisation agenda- it is easy to see why New Ageism and general paganism are thriving to the detriment of true folk religions such as Odinism, whose central cultural unit is the family.

Thus, by creating a 'one size fits all' religion with its sterile and perverse teachings that denigrate females via the label of 'feminine' and place their perfect god separate from nature, our environment has been massacred and our folk alienated from their heritage, their gods and each other. So, folk find themselves bereft on a sea of confusion, increasing social violence, apathy and a lessening of racial consciousness. Meanwhile, total disregard for suffering has become endemic. In the case of the northern European folk, an unnatural shame of their heritage is also displayed in the

mistaken belief that alien cultures are somehow superior. And thus, our numbers and freedom are constantly being eroded in the grip of this globalisation agenda.

So, in the advent of such an unnatural society, we might be forgiven for asking what exactly is natural? How do we set about rediscovering what this mysterious ingredient to our resurgence is? Most importantly, a return of the family as the unquestioned basic social unit needs to be fostered: it is the guarantee of individual freedom- the bulwark of the individual against an oppressive state and the foundation for all civilised virtues. Women need to reclaim their own inherent power, potency and spirituality- their sense of self. Both sexes need to realise that nurturing a family is a crucial role for the survival of our folk- and never more important than it is today as our numbers dwindle. To help this process, women also need to reclaim the gifts of the menstrual cycle and in particular, to make peace with the process: indeed, both men and women need to do so. Both must understand that qualities regarded as being 'feminine attributes' are just as strong as those defined in more masculine terms. Men and women must accept each other as being sacred in their own right- as mediators of the god and goddess force respectively- and to hold the virtues of trust and fidelity within a relationship sacrosanct. In doing so, they will deepen their own polar strengths and catalyse this deepening response within each other, thus leading to wholeness of being. Ultimately, our folk will be stronger because their relationships will be deeper and more natural and hence, so will the resonance of the folk community.

It is worth mentioning here that in some groups seeking a solution to the dwindling numbers of our northern European folk, the suggestion is that as many women as possible should reproduce with each having as many children as possible. Whilst this might- apparently- be a quick way of redressing the balance, two things must be realised:

Number one: women are not baby-making machines. Just because she can bear children, it doesn't automatically mean a woman must- just as a man doesn't have to father a child simply by virtue of being physically capable. A woman is an individual in her own right with her own beliefs and aspirations- her own gifts to our folk. Some may not wish to have children, preferring to use their polar gifts in other ways and this is natural. Indeed, within the wider context of nature, it is simply not desirable for every member of a population to reproduce as this will lead to imbalance and a straining of resources. Many of our cultural heroines such as Queen Boudicca are remembered for their deeds outside the family unit: Joan of Arc was a virgin warriorress. And we see the different gifts that women have to bring to our folk reflected in the various Goddesses of the Odinic pantheon. Further, a woman should be physically, emotionally, psychologically and materially

ready and able to have a child so that a healthy and nurturing environment protects both. It truly does not make sense when a society that puts so many parameters in place to protect children from sex offenders and other dangerous members of the public will in the same breath, suggest having a baby to 'cure' virtually any female malady from menstrual upsets to helping her 'settle down;' if these women follow such advice and the proffered cure doesn't work, how will either mother or child be safe? We must 'get real' and understand that we live in a physically polluted society that has had severe consequences on our ability as a folk to reproduce, amongst which complications throughout pregnancy and birth for both mother and child aren't uncommon- with even death of either being possible. Some women's bodies simply are not healthy enough to support a successful pregnancy and as such, they should not be made- through an inversion of a value system that still fails to respect women- to feel they are hindering their folk group because they do not have children. Meanwhile, if through such health problems or the distorted cultural background in which she is raised, a woman is psychologically or emotionally unable to adequately nurture a new life; if as a consequence of this cultural lens she finds herself in an abusive relationship, then it is probably best she doesn't have children: there is no point in replicating dysfunctional family units in the misguided notion that we need to increase our numbers at any cost. For all we will succeed in doing is duplicating a dysfunctional society- one that replicates the catholic ethos of reproductive slavery, no matter the consequences. This will not support the New Awakening for which Odinists strive.

Number two: fertility is a metaphor that encapsulates many qualities such as vitality, vibrancy, health, wholeness and greatness- attributes that are cherished by our folk. Fertility is about the art of recognising and attuning to the motion of tides and cycles at all levels and working with them to gain such advantages. We must not make the mistake that is endemic in wider society of consigning the meaning of fertility to literal status. Literal imagery is useful: it wraps the metaphor in a way that is accessible to all levels of understanding and is much like a list of what's inside a parcel. But then, like in the game of 'pass the parcel,' as each layer of paper is removed, a different wrapping is revealed and each wrapping is a structure for the essential truth of the metaphor: for metaphors have layers of meaning. Thus it is with the metaphor of fertility; it is as much about describing the creation of a strong and vibrant folk community - whose individuals see themselves as such - as it is about physical fertility. And indeed, if a folk group perceive themselves in such positive ways, they will naturally hold the family unit in high esteem so that not only will the individuals

be more balanced psychologically, but they will also be adequately prepared for the responsibility of parenthood. Hence, in all likelihood, they will be more empowered to take that step- providing circumstances permit in all respects. The creation of a child should be an act of sacred love and joy - a conscious and responsible choice- not a proscribed obligation in the mistaken belief this is inarguably a woman's highest function just because she is physically fertile. Some women feel it is; others feel it isn't: both are correct. The hallmark of our folk is freedom; and in that freedom the responsibility to be the best we can as folk in our community, which may or may not involve having children. A great and indomitable folk is as much about the quality and integrity of its individuals as it is about numbers: the many are easily led by whoever is in power at the time as all of history and the present day attests to repeatedly. Numbers are needed; but so are spiritual and warrior leaders who may or may not be parents. Odinism respects and strives for balance in all things.

In summary then, we can see that in Odinism, both the Gods and Goddesses have crucial roles relative to life's picture. We find that each God has a complementary Goddess. And whilst all roles are vital to the bigger picture, no single one is considered more important than another: all are required for the sustenance and evolution of society and tapestry of life. But neither are the Gods and Goddesses limited to their personal roles: they are inherently a God or Goddess because they are an expression of the lifeforce. Thus, their role is an aspect of them, but not their total being. Similarly, humans- male or female- can have a variety of roles in life; but as a unique expression of the lifeforce, they should work to transcend these limitations. Crucially, *this should be in balanced cooperation with each other*. For whilst men and women are each powerful in their own right, balanced cooperation will actually enhance and deepen those inherent forces which create, sustain and evolve life. By proudly working to restore the true and holy nature of the male and female polarities in proper relationship to each other, so our folk will be restored to their rightful strength. This is Natural Law and as an expression of such, Odinism holds this balance of polarity- that is both men and women- as equally sacred sustainers of the whole.

And one final point. There never were two trees in the Garden of Eden: that was a contrived illusion designed to deceive us all. There was, is - and always will be - only one whole tree. It is the Tree of Life from which all wisdom springs and in Odinic mythology it is known as Yggdrasil. Waes Thu Hael!

Eowyn is a member of The Odinic Rite, BCM Runic, London WC1N 3XX, England

CALL TO ARMS? HEATHEN THOUGHTS ON THE LONG MAN OF WILMINGTON

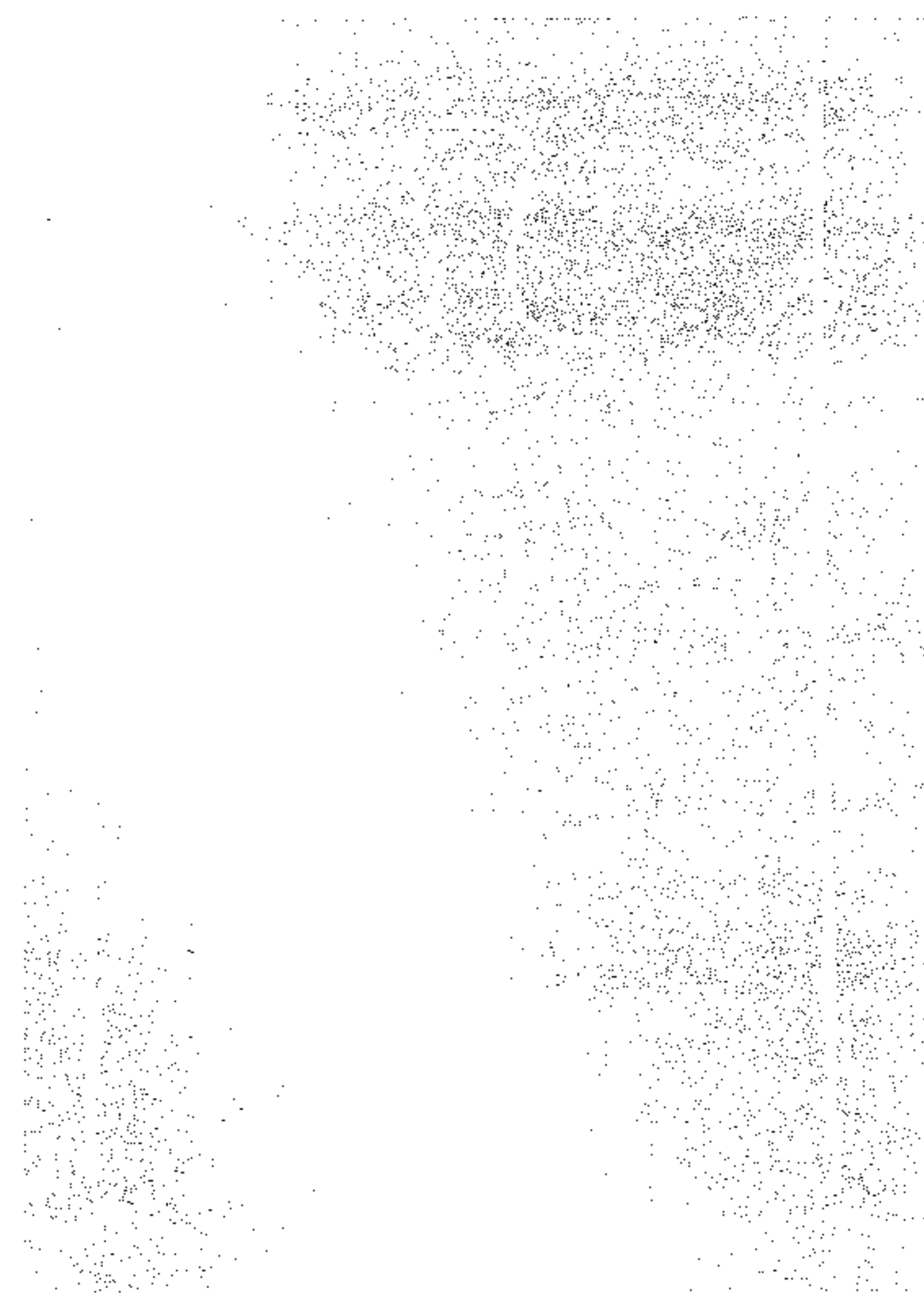
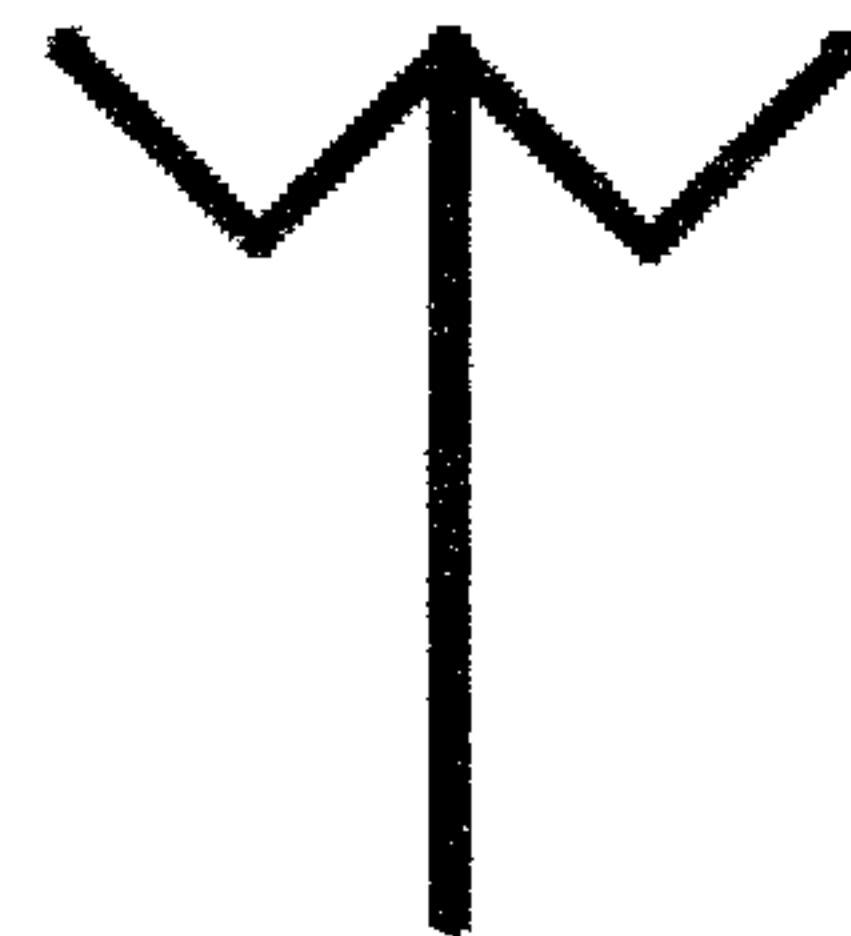
By Troy Southgate

ETCHED into the rolling slopes of Windover Hill, right in the very heart of the glorious East Sussex countryside, can be found the famous Long Man of Wilmington. Around 235 feet in length, this monolithic legacy has intrigued both ramblers and train passengers for countless decades and is a constant reminder of our Anglo-Saxon past. To date, however, nobody has really managed to decipher exactly what lies behind the unquestionably symbolic connotations of this strange and alluring figure.

I believe that the overall shape of this object broadly resembles the staves of the Ear rune. This, of course, is defined as 'earth' or 'grave' and the slightly raised arms and central torso beneath match the shape of this rune almost perfectly. Its inextricable relationship with the soil also reminds us of the following words from the Poetic Edda: "Was a Mighty One born, matchless in strength, he was nursed and grew on the sap of the ground; most high-minded he 'mongst the hallowed gods, in sib with all sires and sons of Earth." (from 'The Short Seeress', Prophecy 16). These words originally relate to the coming of Heimdall, the Guardian of the Gods who waits patiently on the Bifrost bridge for the earliest signs of Ragnarok. He is often shown carrying a staff, too, as well as the famous Gjallarhorn and is said to be the first to appear in times of great danger and the last to be destroyed in the Endtimes. The Ear rune was also the last to be added to the Anglo-Saxon futhorc, prior to the arrival of the four 'transcendent' runes, namely Cweorth, Calc, Stan and Gar. Several scholars, among them Viktor Rydberg and Brian Branston, equate Heimdall with the Hindu god, Agni, who in turn is associated with producing fire from sticks. The Long Man also carries two wooden shafts and this could be a symbolic representation of the regenerative qualities of fire itself. A further possibility is that the two staffs may represent the twin towers destroyed in the 9-11 attacks, yet another reminder that from fire and destruction comes life and victory. Not for the allies of International Capitalism, mark you, but for its adversaries.

Another theory I have is that the actual head of the Long Man, said by many to bear a vague likeness to a warrior's helmet, also resembles a hood. The top of the head is flat and the sides taper out as they run from the lower to the upper part. This fits in with the Woden's Folk prophecies relating to the Last Avatar (see <http://www.wodensfolk.org.uk/>), but if this is true then the Long Man is more likely to be Woden than Heimdall. But let's think about the two staffs for a moment. Indeed, the fact that they remain uncrossed

may even suggest that it is a deliberate avoidance of the Christian 'X' symbol often associated with the Cross of St. Andrew. And let's not forget, either, that for Wodenists the 'X' is the Gyfu rune usually associated with a 'gift' or 'talent'. But look at it this way for a moment. Imagine if the remaining definition of the Gyfu rune - relating to a 'burden' - was used to indicate an overthrowing, or perhaps even overcoming, of either Christianity or some other distinguishing mark associated with this current Age of Thralls. To uncross the 'X', in other words, may be to ease the burden once and for all. Meanwhile, close to the Long Man of Wilmington is a small churchyard containing a yew tree said to be over 2,000 years old. The fact that the yew is firmly bound up with the Eoh rune, also meaning 'defence', surely indicates that our mysterious figure is there for a reason? **But whilst more research is needed into this subject, let's make sure that we take heed of the signs.**



PSYCHOPATHIA SEXUALIS

By Jonathan Bowden

I HAVE to respond to Alisdair Clarke's homosexuality – *Mannerbund: Aspects of Male Mystery Cults* – in *New Imperium's* second issue. The truth of the matter is that Uranian discourse remains decadent and counter-propositional. For, contrary to Weininger's doxa in *Sex and Character*, orientation comes from physiology – hence its division into male and female. The notion, anthropologically, that Indo-European development consists of male-bonded warriorship *vis-à-vis* the Family is fanciful. More accurately, a primal sexuality always embodies Heterosexuality. It alone relates to blood, genetics, racial causation and gender's polarity. All culture springs from a child's birth – it's in accordance with Nature. A factor which necessitates the inferiority of all perversions: whether these are same-sex, infantilistic or paedophile, bi-polar, necrophile, coprophiliac, trans-gender or hermaphroditic, et cetera...

Another stream in this particular argument involves a defence of women. All sexual beauty has to be female given the divinity of the woman's body. Without it there's nothing – in terms of Erotica's stream of consciousness... When one considers three-dimensional art – Rodin's *The Muse*, *Cybele* or Aristide Mailliol's study for *Action in Chains* – one recognises the Anima at work. For representation of the female *corpus* is cardinal to mental creativity in many fields. In Hellenistic art, the Aphrodite of Melos – more commonly known as the *Venus of Milo* – glistens in its marble splendour in the Louvre. But even this doesn't do justice to the subliminal eroticism given off by this work. For, in refutation of Edward Carpenter's notion of The Third Sex, there were only two of them! Whereas all forms of Zoophytic, inverted or 'alternative' sexuality are *biological in origin*; they result from a female hypothalamus in inverse males and its reverse in Gluck's kindred. Given this, culturalised sexual discourse falls sheer – whether or not it happens to be championed by the New Left. This also gives the lie to the idea that Judaeo-Christianity is uniquely anti-homosexual. Paganism, being polyvalent, can appear more adaptive but its primitivism would tear most epicene forms to pieces. For instance, Robert E. Howard's *Conan the Barbarian* happens to furnish heterosexuality with an attractive front... whether or not Frank Frazetta's water-colours depict it.

Another fallacy needs to be confronted: and this must be the notion that family life, male-female bonding, the nuclear enclave, children, et cetera... are somehow negative, restrictive, reactionary, unalternative, 'square' or Bourgeois. *À contraire*, the First Sexuality remains primal, chthonic, volcanic and biologically productive. It erupts, like one of

Norman Lowell's abstracts, from fundamental fissures. In terms of flesh, without a penis in the vagina nought else exists – even inversion. Perhaps the best analysis has to be the masterwork which convened modern sexology. This was Count Richard von Krafft-Ebing's work, *Psychopathia Sexualis*, that appeared in the eighteen-seventies. It posited the notion that the Heterosexual or Straight world's all that exists, and, by definition, every other tendency happens to be its penumbra, shadow, affectation or Degeneration. By this lexicon, Basquiat's doodles represent less under-class graffiti than a form of advanced immune deficiency syndrome within art. Wouldn't Baumler, Gunther and Rosenberg have christened it Degenerate Art?

This, *inter alia*, leads on to a further rightist deconstruction of Michel Foucault's *History of Sexuality*. For Ancient Greece's upper-class poetics, *a la* Theognis, may have incorporated homo-eroticism... yet one has to ask what it means if half of Sappho's surviving staves concern men and family life. Like Enoch Powell's own chronicle and *Oeuvre*; does a disacknowledged or inactive bisexuality really matter if one's married with children? Perhaps one can take a leaf out of Dr. William Pierce's book here. Given that the National Alliance's former leader forced all of its members to marry, on pain of expulsion, lest Kramer's postlapsarian snake intrude.

Finally, let's provide a critique of Mr. Clarke's exemplum for Manism: namely the collected works of William S. Burroughs. (These were his *Last Words*, so to speak). Nonetheless, one shouldn't shy away from the fact that Burrough's carnival embodies a paedophile aesthetic – in the case of a text like *Wild Boys* explicitly so. But in all of his effusions, from *Queer* to *Cities of the Red Night*, the abiding themes are non-masculine, anti-heroic, separatist, anti-heterosexual and morphine-induced. The recall Pasolini's *Salo* as an attack on Mussolini's post-dated Republic. Truly, one inscribes the Latin tag: *video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor*. (Put literally: I see the better and approve it, yet pursue the worse).

Jonathan Bowden is Cultural Officer of the British National Party

BLOOD AND SOIL: REVOLUTIONARY NATIONALISM AS THE VANGUARD OF ECOLOGICAL SANITY

By Troy Southgate

WHILST the modern world appears to be in a state of great disarray, the perpetual relevance of Nature both as a guide and a source of inspiration continues to invite our utmost respect and admiration. Sadly, however, the vast majority of people have become alienated from their origins, detached from their racial and cultural heritage, and cut off from their roots.

Even as far back as 1833, William Cobbett had rightly announced to the world

that English folk had become 'deserters from the plough'[1]. As if by magic, the smoking chimneys and windowless factories of the Industrial Revolution had arrived to force people away from the fields and into the expanding towns. Meanwhile, however, as Howard Newby suggests, even today the countryside offers its stubborn resistance to 'reassure us that everything these days is superficial and transitory; that some things remain stable,



Richard Walther Darré (F. Krausse, Goslar)

permanent and enduring'[2]. Indeed, the glory of rural life sanctions the status quo. Not the status quo of the Establishment or the bland sterility of modernism, on the contrary, the great tenacity of our forests, clifftops and dales are a lasting reminder that man can return to his ancestral sanctuary whenever the futile quest for scientific infallibility has run its inevitable course and he has finally begun to withdraw from the hedonistic negativity of the burgeoning metropolis. So what is meant by blood and soil, and why is it so vital in the shift towards a decentralised proliferation of small village communities?

The term originated in Germany during the early-1920s and was first coined by August Winnig, an ex-Social Democrat who had resigned from the centre-left SPD due to its obsession with internationalism. In 1927, the Transylvanian exile, Georg Kenstler, launched his 'Blood and Soil' magazine as a means of safeguarding the 'integral link between the tribe and the land, to be defended by blood, if necessary.'[3] For rural Germans, therefore, blood and soil became 'a code word implying the protection of a real personality. It stressed the kinship element, and the peasant's demographic role. City-dwellers did not breed - peasants did. They were the life-blood of the nation in a literal sense as well as its spiritual and cultural basis.'[4] But the very notion that a race is somehow rooted to a territory which has been drenched in the pioneering blood of its ancestors, is something that goes far beyond the terminological inventiveness of Weimar Germany. In a similar vein, it would be extremely unwise to dismiss blood and soil as a phenomenon which simply accompanied the emergence of National-Socialism, or even to suggest that twentieth-century romantics like the German Youth Movement and various nudist colonies had merely revived the medieval spirit of Aryan yeomanry for their own amusement. Not so! In fact the image of the heroic farmer and his devoted spouse extends far beyond the trappings of Teutonic legend, and blood and soil each represent inextricable components of the natural order and should not be estimated in historical terms alone. To those who aspired to such an ideal, it became a living testimony to the Nordic soul, an 'unwritten history of Europe, a history unconnected with trade, the banditry of the aristocracy, and the infinite duplicity of church and monarchy.'[5] Indeed, throughout the centuries the growth of materialism has become enshrined within a capitalist-marxian axis, leading to an inexhaustible plethora of ideological variants which come and go like empires founded upon sand. Meanwhile, of course, the self-appointed lords of the manor have forcibly extracted their financial dues from the sweating brow of many a broken and bitter serf.

Revolutionary Nationalism, on the other hand, or what in some circles is described as National-Anarchism, is more than a political

ideology. It is able to recognise and understand that the relationship between a community and the land is something both immeasurable and spiritual. But, as Dr. Anna Bramwell has explained, blood and soil 'is implicit rather than explicit'[6] and, in practical terms, can often be seen today in European nations such as Greece and France, and several states in the United States of America, [where] farm purchase by non-nationals is either forbidden or tangled up with so many booby-traps as to be made extremely difficult. The position in the Third World is much more exclusivist and racist.'[7] In short, to fully appreciate blood and soil one must come to terms with the fact that it is far more than just a political concept. As long as future attempts to initiate a blood and soil renaissance take this fact into account, however, the process will remain as natural and organic as possible.

Few people would doubt that Hitler's Reichsbauernführer, R. Walther Darre, was primarily a political animal, but he was also intelligent enough to realise that if Germany was to retain her fine rural tradition the incoming National-Socialist government had to ensure that the existence of the peasantry was not in any way undermined. Indeed, Darre did not wish to see the vocational heritage of the country's agricultural backbone reduced to a fleeting plaything of the urban escapist or become the profitable sideline of exploitative fatcats. But Darre was an idealist, and never likely to be taken seriously by an opportunist and a politician like Hitler.

On March 6th, 1930, the National-Socialist German Workers Party (NSDAP) published its 'Official Party Manifesto on the Position of the NSDAP with Regard to the Farming Population and Agriculture'. This document claimed that the 'Maintenance of an efficient agricultural class, increasing in numbers as the general population increases, is a central plank in the National-Socialist platform'[8]. Furthermore, the Party rightly acknowledged that the German peasantry was under attack from several quarters, namely 'the Jewish world money market - which really controls parliamentary democracy in Germany . . . the competition of foreign agriculturalists, who work under more favourable conditions . . . the extravagant profits made by the large wholesale middlemen, who thrust themselves in between producer and consumer . . . [and] . . . the oppressive rates the farmer has to pay for electric power and artificial manures to concerns mainly run by Jews.'[9] In place of this exploitation the NSDAP proposed that, amongst other things, land ownership be exclusively available to German citizens, that such land be made inheritable property (enabling peasants to become rooted to the soil), and that large areas be set aside for colonisation by an expanding German population. But whilst such policies were understandably attractive to ordinary peasants and back-to-the-land enthusiasts

alike, when the Hitler government finally came to power in 1933 they were never put into practice. In 1940 Otto Strasser attacked the regime's Patrimonial Farm Law for the simple reason that it extended only to a portion of the peasantry and 'created three kinds of agricultural entrepreneur: peasants whose holdings were so small as to be unviable; middle and great peasants who are tenant-farmers; and great landowners who run their estates on purely capitalist lines.'[10]

Meanwhile, Walther Darre (who did not actually join the Party until 1930) had acquired a reputation as a man of great principle after resigning from his post in the East Prussian Trakhener Stud (Warm Blood Society), an animal breeding centre where he had come into direct conflict with his superiors. In 1926, Darre had written an article condemning those who were seeking to revive plans for a colonial German empire, regarding the idea as 'inimical and destructive to the concept of a German homeland.'[11] Darre, therefore, seemed an unlikely figure for a Party which unashamedly advocated the forcible colonisation of occupied land for German settlement. Several years later, when Hitler ordered the seizure of Moravia and Bohemia from the Czechs, Darre recorded an entry in his diary claiming that, by creating an empire at the expense of her own national interests, Germany was repeating the errors made by England. Nevertheless, when Hitler had realised that Darre's immense popularity could provide him with the rural vote the NSDAP needed in order to obtain power, the latter rose to the challenge and vowed to use his new position in the government to defend the interests of his beloved peasants.

Modern ecologists would do well to emulate the honesty and integrity of men like Walther Darre. Sadly, however, unlike their National-Socialist predecessor most of them are too frightened to accept that Race has a great part to play in the restoration of the natural order. As far as Darre was concerned, the peasantry constituted 'a homogenous racial group of Nordic antecedents, who formed the racial and cultural core of the German nation.'[12] In 1929 Darre published 'The Peasantry as the Key to Understanding the Nordic Race', in which he concluded that 'kind providence laid a gift in the cradle of the Nordic race out of which grew perhaps its most significant characteristic. It is to the innermost need of the Nordic to place his life at the service of a cause and to develop inner moral principles for himself out of the necessities which determine this work'.[13]

Initially, Darre did little more than reduce peasant interest rates to a maximum of 2% on farm loans and ensure that rural families retained their ancient right of hereditary ownership. However, once Hitler had made it perfectly clear that he had no real intention of honouring the original agricultural principles outlined in the 'Twenty-Five Points of the NSDAP', Darre realised that he had to use his

time as constructively as possible in order to stave off the rising challenge of his closest rival, arch-technocrat and Hitlerian sycophant Herbert Backe. At Goslar, an ancient medieval town in the Harz Mountains, Darre established a 'peasants capital' and launched a series of measures designed to regenerate German agriculture by encouraging organic farming and replanting techniques. His 'dream was to make Goslar the centre of a new peasants' international; a green union of the northern European peoples. Here he made speeches condemning the fuhrer-princip and attacking imperial expansion. Visitors flocked to him. Organic farming enthusiasts from England welcomed Darre's plans and admired the hereditary tenure legislation. Representatives from Norwegian and Danish peasant movements joined the conferences on blood and soil.'[14] But Darre's overall strategy was even more radical, and he intended to abolish industrial society altogether and replace it with a series of purely peasant-based communities. In his view, '[c]apitalism and industry would soon wither away (a view held by many people in the Depression era) and with it the age of mass urbanisation and mechanisation. an urbanised society was incapable of survival. As it collapsed - helped by farmers blockading the cities - it would be replaced by a new society formed from a core of healthy, sound peasants'.[15] Darre realised, therefore, the extent to which cities have to rely upon extracting their sustenance from the rural periphery. He knew, in other words, that by encouraging German peasants to deprive the country's blood-sucking industrial regions of their agrarian lifeforce, it was possible to hasten the self-destructive process of capitalism itself.

Needless to say, the leaders of the NSDAP were eager to claim these magnificent achievements for themselves and, by August 1937, Darre became completely disgusted with a statement made by Hermann Goering at the International Dairy Conference, during which the overweight usurper had declared that '[n]o country can withdraw today from the world economic system. No country can ever say again, we decline the world economy and are going to live and produce for ourselves alone.'[16] By April 1939, Goering's Four-Year Plan for the industrialisation of Germany in accordance with a total war economy had taken young people away from the land and into cramped munitions factories in the cities. This led to Darre attacking the Nazi regime for its 'economic imperialism, which makes one anxious for blood and soil ideals'[17]. In 1942, Darre was demoted from his ministerial position and inevitably replaced by the odious and far less dangerous Herbert Backe. From that moment on he had no doubt whatsoever that Hitler had cruelly betrayed the German peasantry. In the words of the aforementioned Dr. Bramwell: 'Hitler found Darre a useful theorist and organiser for a period of crisis, but

when he kept faith with his vision he was, like many other revolutionary ideologues, discarded.'[18] More importantly, however, whilst Darre was far too modest to concede the fact, the Fuhrer had deprived Germany of her finest ecological pioneer; a man who is truly the patriarch of the modern Greens.

But Darre was not the only radical in the NSDAP. On the contrary, he was just one of many disaffected anti-capitalists who attempted to make the Party more radical by working from within. In this sense, at least, Darre surpassed most of them because the likes of Feder and Strasser did not see their ideas carried into effect.'[19] But, despite his agrarian radicalism, Darre never fully realised the futility of his association with the NSDAP until it was too late. On the other hand, if Darre had not been appointed Agricultural Minister in the first place he would not have been able to implement his blood and soil policies at all. This does not validate the gradualist strategy of those who continue to put their trust in the System, however, it merely demonstrates that - despite the legacy passed down to us by Darre and his closest followers - it is only possible to achieve a certain amount within the context of the existing governmental framework. Indeed, by 1942 Darre would have said the same thing himself, believing, as he did, that only a Green Revolution can sweep away the old Establishment and pave the way for a New Agrarian Order.

Darre's concern for the environment was also shared by Corneliu Codreanu and the Romanian Legionary Movement (Iron Guard), mainly due to the fact that prior to the Second World War the Romanian peasantry made up some 90% of the total population. The defiant streak of anti-urbanism which characterised the green-shirted fighters of Europe's most spiritual bastion of National Revolutionary struggle to date, is epitomised by the slogan 'up above, we will defend the life of the trees and the mountains from further devastation. Down below [in the towns], we will spread death and mercy.'[20] This view obviously concords with those in contemporary National-Anarchist circles and their commitment to destroy capitalism from within whilst creating a brand new order from without. Codreanu was a man who often sought release from the tortures of self-doubt by wandering into the wilderness, eagerly savouring the comfort and solace offered by the beautiful Romanian mountains. In his moving and emotional autobiography, 'For My Legionaries', Codreanu describes his self-imposed experience of solitude thus: 'It was getting dark. Not one living soul around. Only trees with vultures shrieking around the barren cliffs. I only had with me my heavy coat and a loaf of bread. I ate some bread and drank some water springing from among the rocks.'[21] Codreanu undoubtedly appreciated the spiritual realities of his ancestral homeland. Another example of the vast importance the Iron Guard attributed to the notion of blood and soil can be

found in the Legion's symbolic commitment to Romania in terms of the country's physical and spiritual immortality. In 1927, twenty-seven legionaries made a solemn vow to defend their fatherland by distributing between themselves small leather sacks containing Romanian earth. But whilst some may view this ceremony as a purely theatrical affair, as Codreanu himself rightly notes, such earth was representative of the very soul of the nation, which, in turn, means 'not only all Romanians living in the same territory, sharing the same past and the same future, the same dress, but all Romanians, alive and dead who have lived on this land from the beginning of history and will live here in the future.'[22]

In Spain, however, the concept of blood and soil was not at all shared by Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera's Falange. In fact the Nationalist leader 'stringently attacked the blood and soil gut patriotism typical of Romanian and German National-Socialism, together with Romantic Nationalism and its emphasis on the pull of the land'[23]. According to Hugh Thomas, '[p]atriotism had to be anchored, not in the heart, but in the mind'[24]. But despite the worthy idealism of the Falange prior to its involvement with self-important reactionaries like General Franco in the 1936 Civil War, the Movement's attitude towards agrarian issues was woefully inadequate. Jose Antonio wanted his country to dominate the world stage and, therefore, failed to appreciate the fact that a naturally-rooted peasantry is far from 'backward' or 'anachronistic'. Unfortunately, many of his 'economic and social policies followed the modernising path of Mussolini and the aims of Mosley.'[25] On the other hand, the Spanish leader was extremely critical of those who wallowed in the contaminating decadence of city life: 'Our place is in the fresh air, under the cloudless heavens, weapons in our hands, with the stars above us. Let the others go on with their merrymaking. We outside, in tense, fervent, and certain vigilance, already feel the dawn breaking in the joy of our hearts.'[26]

But whilst capitalism is chiefly responsible for the destruction of the natural world, Marxism does not even take it into consideration. As one of the great modern pioneers of organic farming and self-sufficiency, John Seymour, has explained: 'Karl Marx, who spent most of his life in the reading room of the British Museum Library, probably came as little into contact with nature as it was possible to do and still stay alive. The result was that his philosophy ignored everything not human absolutely completely. He was aware (just) that food came from the country. He was aware that there must be some people out there somewhere who grew it. It was his object to rescue these imaginary people from what he called 'the idiocy of rural life'. What is that to the idiocy of spending all your life in the British Museum Library?'[27]. Since then, of course, the practical implementation of this individual's

philosophy in Eastern Europe has proved beyond any doubt that Marxism is opposed to ecological order. One ridiculous consequence of Soviet agrarianism led to Russia - the greatest continuous wheat-growing area in the world - being forced to import its grain from abroad. If this is an example of Marxist state-planning in action, it is hardly surprising, therefore, to learn that Stalin eventually condemned millions of peasants to misery, squalor and mass starvation. The Red dictator's agricultural incompetence was soon hurriedly obscured by diverting the world's attention towards the steady industrialisation of Russia. Marxism, it seems, relies far more upon blood than soil.

Returning to the present, until those involved in ecological struggle can learn to appreciate the spiritual reality which binds man to his environment, reactionaries, liberals and leftists alike will continue to delay the replenishment of the natural order. We revolutionaries can only revitalise and reclaim the natural world from the clutches of capitalism once we have discovered that which lies within ourselves. It is vital for us to come to terms with the fact that, by springing from the very soil of which we have always been a part, we are inevitably destined to return to it at the end of our brief sojourn upon this earth. This is summed up very beautifully by Knut Hamsun, the great Norwegian storyteller who, in a poem entitled 'My Grave', wrote the following emotive words:

*Oh Lord, I pray thee do not let me die
In a bed with sheets and blankets piled
upon
And with dripping noses about me.
Nay, smite me someday without warning,
That headlong I fall into the forest some
place
Where no one will come around nosing.
I well know the forest, I am its son,
It will not deny my humble request
To die on its cranberry bog.
Thus will I give back without word of
complaint
My mighty cadaver to its creatures all,
To the crows, the rats and the flies.[28]*

So without a recognition of our inherent racial qualities and the ancestral territory that determines our nationhood, we will remain as much a threatened species as the white rhino, the giant panda and the large blue butterfly. As Europe and North America struggles to cope with the catastrophic results of inner-city habitation and suicidal race-mixing, National Revolutionaries must never forget that we humans are the natural guardians of the soil and our extinction would be possibly the greatest ecological disaster of all. This is why we must seek to re-establish ourselves in the heart of the rural countryside, so that one day we can proudly declare that, in the words of Walther Darre: 'Here is anchored the eternalness of a racial stock of unique character.'[29]

Notes:

1. William Cobbett, quoted in Alun Hawkins' *'Deserters From The Plough'* in *'History Today'* magazine (1993), #February, Volume 43, p.32.
2. Howard Newby, quoted in David Lowenthal's *'Heritage And The English Landscape'* in *'History Today'* magazine (1991), #September, Volume 41, p.10.
3. Anna Bramwell, *'Blood And Soil: Walther Darre And Hitler's Green Party'* (The Kensal Press, 1985), p.55.
4. Anna Bramwell, *'Ecology In The 20th Century: A History'* (Yale University Press, 1989), p.191.
5. *'Blood And Soil'*, op. cit., p.54.
6. Ibid., p.6.
7. Ibid.
8. Gottfried Feder, *'The Programme Of The NSDAP And Its General Conceptions'* (BP Publications, 1980), p.10.
9. Ibid., p.11.
10. Otto Strasser, *'Germany Tomorrow'* (Jonathan Cape, 1940), p.156.
11. *'Blood And Soil'*, op. cit., p.24. [Back]
12. Ibid., p.55.
13. R.W. Darre, *'The Peasantry As The Key To Understanding The Nordic Race'* in Barbara Miller Lane & Leila J. Rupp (Ed.) *'Nazi Ideology Before 1933: A Documentation'* (Manchester University Press, 1978), p.105.
14. *'Blood And Soil'*, op. cit., p.105.
15. Anna Bramwell, *'Was This Man Father Of The Greens?'* in *'History Today'* magazine (1984), #September, Volume 34, p.8.
16. *'Blood And Soil'*, op. cit., p.115.
17. Ibid., p.119.
18. Ibid.
19. Ibid., p.5.
20. Corneliu Z. Codreanu, *'For My Legionaries'* (Liberty Bell, 1990), p.225.
21. Ibid., p. 146.
22. Ibid., p.313.
23. *'Ecology In The 20th Century: A History'*, op. cit., pp.163-4.
24. Hugh Thomas (Ed.), *'Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera: Selected Writings'* (London, 1972), p.30.
25. *'Ecology In The 20th Century: A History'*, op. cit., pp.164.
26. Jose Antonio Primo de Rivera, in a speech to mark the foundation of his Movement on October 29th, 1933, quoted in *'Falange'* by Stanley Payne (Stanford, 1961), p.41.
27. John Seymour, *'The Ultimate Heresy'* (Green Books, 1989), pp.87-8.
28. Knut Hamsun, quoted in *'Voice From The Forests'* by Pdraig Cullen in *'The Scorpion'* magazine, Issue #11, p.25.
29. R.W. Darre, *'The German Peasant Formed German History'* in George L. Mosse (Ed.) *'Nazi Culture'* (Grosset & Dunlap, 1966), p.150.

Troy Southgate has been a writer and activist for Revolutionary Nationalist causes for over twenty years and is currently Editor of the Synthesis (<http://www.rosenoire.org>) and Terra Firma (<http://www.national-anarchist.org>) websites. He educates his four children at home and is also a vocalist and musician with the Anglo-Dutch group, H.E.R.R. In addition, Troy has also provided vocals for Survival Unit (Sweden), Erich Zahn (Holland) and Horologium (Poland).

MUSIC AND BOOK REVIEWS

By Troy Southgate & Jonathan Bowden

CD REVIEW

'People's War Hardcore' by Casio Action Front [self-released]

Available from Autonomania@yahoo.ca

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

THIS do-it-yourself slab of aural samisdat is the work of Ean Frick, a self-confessed 'multiple-personality' with a keen grasp of revolutionary American politics. He and his various incarnations first began life at the Massachusetts College of Art, where he/they became influenced by Dadaism, Mail Art, Neoism and the Fantômas stories. More significantly, perhaps, he and his friends also have a penchant for both National-Anarchism and the New Right. Emblazoned with a masked quartet of comic superheroes, the deliberately crude CD-R insert is about as authentically raw and home-made as a molotov cocktail. And just as effective. 'Gotham Asylum' - another reference to the graphic novel genre - is the first of eighteen killer tracks, its rhymic slams and erratic drumbeats colliding at various levels with rattling chains and celluloid-induced musak. It's a post-industrial collage, stitched together like a heap of Frankensteinian flesh. 'Dragged Kicking Screaming' resembles a Red Army Choir being drowned in a bathful of acid. Experimental shuffles and a chugging Hornby trainset dally with high-pitched synths and the occasional disco whoop. The sudden upbeat shift of 'OPP Tech 9' dies out after several seconds, making way for 'Acid Acid Acid', its watery lapping filled with echoed sneezes, stereophonic squeaks and alternating bursts of harsh Noise. 'Casio Terreur' is like listening to Kraftwerk when they were knee-high to a grasshopper. Sustained swirls of primitive electronics that seem tempted to become a tinny alternative to Psychedelia. It's very endearing in an odd kind of way. The similarly-titled 'Casiocore Horror', on the other hand, is a buzzing flurry of metalesque riffs and fairground-style organ with a nice dose of spatial Ambience thrown in for good measure. It's almost like a tuneful version of TenHornedBeast or Sunn0))) and would even fit in very nicely with the laid-back driving music of Psychic TV's 'Pagan Day'. Meanwhile, 'Russolo's Orchestral Maneuvers' is a direct reference to Luigi Russolo, a Futurist artist and composer. His 1913 manifesto, 'Art of Noises', announced the birth of 'classical modernism' and the arrival of musical experimentation. Frick's own work reflects those early twentieth-century efforts, in this case with a racy combination of twisted vocal samples and distorted sound. The whole thing is like a cross between the Magick Roundabout theme and an

energetic ballet of wasps. Towards the end the artist inserts a dramatic 80s-style soundtrack, complete with grinding guitars and a finale of tinkering bells. 'Einsatzgruppe', which refers to the highly-feared Nazi killing units of the Special Task Forces during the Second World War, opens with a Fairy Queen solo lurking beneath a steady plink-plonk beat. Innocence and purity are juxtaposed with menace and the constant threat of impending venom. It's like going to the theatre with shell-shock. Later on, we hear space-age effects that have been sliced-through with static interference and then substituted completely by peeling churchbells and a hollow ambience. 'Inside' follows almost immediately, assuming the distant strains of a Walt Disney cosy-moment or perhaps even a choratic peak from one of Western culture's infinitely more superior reference-points. Radiophonic crackles disturb the warm glow like a less-than-friendly wolf crouching in a forest idyll. 'Razzamatazz', on the other hand, is like trying to listen to Augustus Pablo playing his melodica in the heart of an LCD-induced landscape. Or at least, that is, until the track becomes more discordant and eclectic. However, some of the imaginative electronic work is outstanding and it's far more layered and textured than the previous efforts. But the secret here is to compliment and tease out, rather than to obscure or swamp completely, and from military marching songs to rough forms of telecommunication and repetitive tones, it's all here in great abundance. 'Hunter' is comparatively minimalist at first, its metallic sweeps of pure Drone sounding like a whining man in a dustbin. But it then combines additional swathes of atmospheric interference with the chugging trainset that made its debut on 'Dragged Kicking Screaming', before losing all inhibitions towards the end and degenerating into a light battery of steel upon steel. 'Let It All Come Down' is slightly Doomy in places and, like the name suggests, tends to specialise in a series of descendent tones that charge imperviously towards the abyss. A briefly-rolled snare drum, some hardcore Noise and slowed effects soon take up the strain. Ean must have dropped something on his/their foot/feet at this point, because the following track is entitled 'Oh Fuck'. But we'll let him/them off just this once, especially when this track is one of the best on the album. The stuttering vocal samples are snipped and rearranged throughout, never quite getting off the ground and inevitably being forced to play second fiddle to the accompanying chimes and twangs. There are various influences at work here, but the track is so diverse and complex that you never have enough time to put your

finger on it all. At one point I'm reminded of a spaghetti western soundtrack, although it has more to do with a segmented Pink Floyd than with Ennio Morricone. 'Soft Lilly Finger' is just as complex. Not as tangled and inexplicable as the previous offering, but certainly very diversified and variegated. The fruit machine effects at the beginning are smothered by a blur of musical acceleration and then a calm Orientalist interlude. 'Razzamatazz' (Core Remix)' promises to elaborate upon what I consider to be the most outstanding track on the whole album, but there are few similarities with the earlier rendition and after slightly more than one minute of unulating chaos it comes to an abrupt halt. The not-quite Techno rhythm of 'Do What Thou Wilt' - another brief excursion and an obvious Crowley reference - seems permeated with falling shards of metal, whilst 'At The Supermarket' is an amusing foray into the zombified environs of your local shopping mall. This is obviously the work of someone who would, just for the sheer hell of it, like to disrupt the safe monotony of an afternoon spent browsing the shelves and stacks of Goyim Centraal. But when the initial mischievousness subsides, however, the acoustic strumming and liberated synthesiser of this Tangerine Dream-like lull provide a happy ending. 'Nothing To Stop It', the final track, continues in much the same vein, with its beautiful synth-scapes infused with the voice of a young American girl repeating the title over and over again with a sense of certainly and inevitability. Erratic drumbeats and an acoustic guitar turn everything into a jangling folk tune, which, you never can tell, may be a sign of things to come. Somebody find this schitzoid a label. And fast. For more information, go to <http://frickmeistereckhardt.blogspot.com/>

CD REVIEW

'Goatvargr' by Goatvargr [CSR65CD]

Available from Cold Spring Records, P.O. Box 40, Northants., NN6 7PT, England.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

THIS Swedish-American collaboration involves two of the world's most brutal purveyors of Noise, namely Nordvagr and Goat respectively. Having already reviewed his excellent collaboration with Merzbow ('Partikel'), which was also released on the Cold Spring label, I was already familiar with Nordvagr's devastating craft and his ability to work alongside other leading lights in this genre. Other projects - such as those with Folkstorm, Toroidh and MZ.412 - have also converted legions of warped disciples to the Nordvagr cause. The lesser-known Goat, on the other hand, comes from a vaguely Black Metal background, although many believe this has more to do with general aesthetics than with the actual style of music on offer. However, the packaging certainly looks like it wouldn't be out of place in a Black Metal collection, with images of blades and spikes, a five-pointed star flanked

by Hebraic symbols and a hand-signal locked in the now semi-compulsory gesture of two demonic horns. The first of these seven tracks, 'Goatlord Rising', is a whispered mush of faraway rustles and reverse speech. Soon enough, these early markers are flanked by an electronic throb and continuous beeping, slightly rough at the edges and losing their sense of co-ordination a little as significantly harsher forms of interference muscle their way into the mix like an unwelcome guest at an aural free-for-all. The whole shebang flattens out into a steady ambience, a pancake of tranquility, but torrents of aggressive feedback eventually flip everything 360 degrees until we enter a state of crunching energy. Meanwhile, batten down the proverbial hatches, because here comes the second 'Fix'. It's an immediate onslaught of Noise power which throbs through the sewage works of your mind like a rubber turd bouncing off the sides of your skull in a display of rhythmic cruelty. I can imagine this being used in a chase sequence, although given the metallic scraping in the background it would have to involve several cars with their exhaust pipes hanging off. 'Realms of the Goatvargr' is even livelier, a dozen coat-hangers in a tumble dryer grinding to a halt as low groans appear to resemble a yawning Bagpuss disappearing beneath the approaching mass of a five-ton steam roller. It's true, I tell you! 'Filthdaemon', on the other hand, is like entering Goatvargr's Earl Grey period, as a more traditional brew of Noise comes whistling from the tip of a giant teapot like streams of radiation rushing towards a fresh crack in the Chernobyl reactor. There are no points of reference here at all, just total electronic wipeout. 'Droning Hades' seems far more restrained, a slightly boisterous hum that sounds like Bomber Harris warming up the engine of his Lancaster before psyching himself up for another night of carnage and mutilation in downtown Dresden. But whilst there are one or two radiophonic beeps milling about, on the whole it's a fairly low-level affair that never really gets off the ground. 'Beyond the Quorphonian Realms' is an obvious reference to Thomas 'Quorthon' Forsberg, the legendary founder of Bathory and Black Mark Productions who died of heart failure in 2004 at the tender age of 39. It is to him that this album is also dedicated. The track conjures up images of omen-filled skies through which shafts of bright sunlight come to rest upon melting snow, as a heavy-handed beat begins to hammer its way through the semi-tranquil waters that continue to shimmer with a light metallic ambience. But this romantic elegy is shattered completely by a barrage of impenetrable sound that wavers between and static interference and electronic frequencies. It's almost as though somebody approached our discordant duo beforehand and said 'come on, do your worst'. Play this at top whack and you'll create your own ghost town within several minutes. Not a bad idea. As this track gradually controls itself and fizzles out, my brain slowly

returns to the comparative realms of normality (as well as the sound of goats!) and I'm left rather shell-shocked at the sheer power that just assailed my senses for a good twelve-and-a-half minutes of total fury. 'Drunk on the Blood of the Goat' is, again, pretty rhythmic in a strange kind of way and probably the closest you'll ever come to tapping your foot on an album of this kind. Oscillating its way through various tempestuous stages, it finally assumes an orchestral role for a final fifteen seconds and soothes your ears as a parting shot. The poison finds its own cure. Perfect. But no Black Metal here, missus.

CD REVIEW

'Human' by Falling You [SR01]

Available from The Fossil Dungeon, 42472 Hollyhock Terrace, Ashburn, VA 20148, USA.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

ANY album with a picture of a naked woman on the cover is bound to attract at least some attention. But avert your eyes for one moment and you will discover no less than five vocalists, each gathered beneath the creative wing of John Michael Zorko. In fact, apart from Erica Mulkey's cello it is Zorko himself who handles the entire musical side of this oddly-named project and his diverse contributions take the form of piano, synthesiser and guitar, as well as a wide range of atmospheric programming and electronics. This was my first introduction to Falling You and I must admit that I wasn't too enamoured by the dedication to John Lennon in the sleeve notes. Well, they are from California, after all, and having a penchant for John Lennon is probably compulsory in that part of the world. And I wasn't familiar with the group's first two releases, 'Mercy' (1998) and 'Touch' (2005) respectively, so what of the music? 'Destiny Trip' is a slice of Dark Ambient that suddenly assumes a pop beat. Dru Allen's laid back vocals are a little similar to Enya and refer to a nightly encounter brought about by a form of preordained love chemistry. 'Tribe', meanwhile, combines several choral traces and the Eastern-sounding vocals of Aimee Page with a slightly martial beat: 'The winds of fate are calling from the ends of the earth / Home is where the heart lies / Safe in the hands of my tribe'. The theme is one of ethnic pride and an ancestral homecoming, and similarities with the Icelandic musician, Bjork, are very apparent here. Jennifer McPeak's vocals on 'Shadow Child' - which are more expressive than those of her predecessors - complement the others perfectly and demonstrate that the album's overall cohesion has been fuelled by a common vision. Light beats and an increasingly active piano flutter away in the background. The synthetic swirls and electronic drones of 'Bring Down The Stars' perform a wonderful job when it comes to accentuating the mystical atmosphere created by Dru Allan's ode to cardiovascular synchronicity. Disaffected bass tones and sweeping feedback bring up the rear.

'A Bird In A Cage' sees the return of Aimee Page and a song about freedom and hope: 'The choke hold has lost its grip / The curse has been lifted / I am freeing myself from lock and key / The caged bird sings like no other'. Page offers a short but effective lilt which rises beautifully at the end of each line and floats through the musical scale like the aerial swoops of a feathered escapee. 'Varenka' is based on a character from the famous Tolstoy novel, 'Anna Karenina' (1875), and concerns a woman representative of moral stability but who is sorely lacking when it comes to finding a self-assured zest for life and the fulfilment of womanhood. The lyrics seem to be written for Kitty, Varenka's literary antithesis: 'With your happiness despite my loss / You showed me mine was nothing'. Erica Mulkey's cello tugs gently on the heartstrings, as her voice becomes a sorrowful testimony to a process of empirical self-becoming. Jennifer McPeak's 'Starshine' is much more upbeat, perhaps a little too soulful for my tastes, and the lyrics are a litany of desires that yearn for the Muse. 'One Hundred Years of Solitude', which is named after Gabriel Garcia Marquez's book of the same name, echoes his tradition of magic realism with its evocative adjectives about time, sadness and loss. The haunting vocals on the album's parting shot, 'An Angel Ameliorate', have been reserved for Suzanne Perry and, interestingly, are described here as 'sound poetry'. The theme is not simply about self-improvement, but something far more than that. Something transcendent and Gnostic. It is almost as though all humans are said to be endowed with an innate substance that can be harnessed in the pursuit of total perfection. I'm doubtful whether the vast majority of humans have that ability, but at least the group's heart is in the right place. Their official website can be found at: <http://www.fallingyou.com/>

CD REVIEW

'Gleipnirs Smeder' by Jotunspor [SR01]

Available from Satanas Rex, P.O. Box 40, Northants., NN6 7PT, England.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

NOT content with operating what, for me, is the best record label in England, Satanas Rex is Justin Mitchell's new Black Metal sideline. Every man needs a bit on the side, or so they say, and this is his scarlet woman from the watery environs of Bergen on the south-west coast of Norway. The more observant among you will recognise Bergen as the home of the infamous Varg Vikernes. According to their MySpace page, Jotunspor make 'Black Metal in honour of Nordic heritage' and are purely a studio outfit with no intention whatsoever of performing live. The group was formed in 2005 by King (Gorgoroth, Sahg) and Kvitrafn (formerly of Gorgoroth and Sahg and now part of Siegfader), and this CD comes in black and brown with a wolf prowling its way across the cover. The eight tracks on this album were

recorded over a two-month period and begin with 'Gleipnirs Smeder', a riff-laden slice of neo-doom which starts off in a fairly minimalistic vein before evolving into a menacing cocktail of rumbling bass and tortured vocals. Unlike a lot of contemporary Black Metal, however, the guitars are very structured and only the incalculable drumbeats tell you that the whole thing is racing along at a thousand kilometers an hour. Towards the end the vocals become 'cleaner' and there is a real anthemic touch to it all. For several atmospheric minutes a few aquatic-like samples can be heard as 'Svartalvheims Djup' arrives on the scene with ominous whispers, tinkering bells and a gradual rumbling. Amid deep groans and sinister cackles this sophisticated ambient interlude eventually pans out into something fairly reminiscent of early Endura or perhaps even Lustmord. But it's certainly a very impressive and well-crafted track and clearly demonstrates that, given half a chance, these boys can turn their hands to anything. 'Solartjuven' is more of a return to traditional Black Metal, but even here Jotunspor display an unmistakable flair and originality that easily surpasses many of their peers. Again, there is a slight doom element to their music but the overall tempo is heightened by carefully placed layers of sound that range from rhythmic growls and screams of anguish to lycanthropic howls and crashing thunder. The guitars are brilliant, delivered with an unrelenting energy that is borne of the Viking bloodline. Amazing stuff. But before you even have a chance to catch your breath, 'Freke Han Renn...' shoves a cloven hoof right down onto the musical accelerator and sends us plunging through the churning fjords of this ongoing North European odyssey. The agonising vocals are drawn out and sustained, each line concluding like a man falling into a spiraling abyss of desperation. The diverse fretwork on this song shows talent and versatility. And then comes 'Sol Mun Svartne'. Now, either there's a sixteen-armed octopus on drums or Jotunspor have employed the relentless services of a hammering blacksmith chock-full of amphetamines. Everything becomes an overwhelming blur of dizzying action and this track is possibly the most powerful on the album. The vocals are a little similar to Cradle of Filth in places, too, but whilst a lot of BM disciples like to slander this great English institution I'm actually being complimentary. The awesome pace and dynamism continue well on into 'Ginnungagalder', pausing here and there to allow Kvitrafn to snarl his way through the whole range of dark Norse vocals. The guitars adopt a tone of suspense and trepidation, although they retain a constant drive and determination that gives the song a dependable, solid-as-a-rock quality. As 'Ginnungagalder' fades away, 'Ildkrig' ascends to the throne with choratic sound effects and the rolling onslaught of a militaristic snare. The lyrics are deliberately repetitive and have a sense of impatience and urgency, finally

brought to a close by the sound of a metallic dragging that resembles a smoking cannon being dragged across freshly scorched earth. I'm really impressed with this debut Jotunspor album and, when you consider that this is the label's very first release, Satanas Rex has created an almost insurmountable benchmark for others to follow and this should have other BM bands clamouring to join its stable. Meanwhile, for more information, contact <http://www.satanasrex.co.uk/>

CD REVIEW

'Wonderland' by Snoww Wwhite [demo, self-released]

Available from snow.wwhite@gmail.com

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

SNOWW Wwhite - or Snowwy to her friends - first introduced me to her music a few months ago and since then I've been following her steady progress on MySpace. But this new demo is an attempt to bring her unusual array of military ditties to a wider audience, as well as to secure a proper record deal and win the serious attention that her work deserves. Residing in the north-west of England, Snowwy is originally from Germany and is not afraid to show it. The fourteen tunes on this professionally mastered issue stake her claim as the first lady of neoclassical, a scene almost wholly devoid of female involvement. Even more so in terms of being able to compose and mix her own songs in what, up to now, has always been a very male-dominated environment. If you're expecting a talentless bimbo playing around with a drumstick, forget it, 'Wonderland' is a radical departure from the plodding repetition of many acts in this field and this release may surprise you. 'No Looking Back in Anger', an apparent wordplay on the 1958 film starring Richard Burton and Clare Bloom, begins life as a distorted wailing intro before setting off on a complex journey of busy drumwork and constant background ambience. An occasional tinkering of bells gives the track a slightly different feel to most of the military-industrial sampling that we are used to. Conjuring up images of wartime innocence and baton-twirling majorettes, the music - described by Snowwy herself as 'playful' - is a fairly jolly affair with none of the usual gloom and doom. 'Heimat (Black Forest Version)' was obviously composed during a bout of homesickness and nostalgia, the rat-a-tat snares and interjecting timpani accompanied by stirring orchestral sounds and great piano. A foot-tapping extravaganza, for sure. 'Lullaby' starts off with the "Aim! Fire!" sounds of the Prussian parade ground, whilst the characteristic drums that function as a perpetual hallmark of continuity on this demo soon carry you along through the battlefield amid a stuttering machine-gun that is itself eventually morphed into a form of rolling percussion. The title of 'Sin's Rune' is rather curious, but there are no clues regarding the nature of the rune in question. Perhaps, being German, Snowwy is hinting at the

mixture of two particular runes than, as combined, usually find themselves 'verbotten'. One can only speculate, but this track reminds me of a film soundtrack. Again, this is a gentle march, the click of wood upon wood, fluttering piano and twice-struck timpani helping to keep time with a tune that wouldn't be out of place in the Wild West. 'Springtime', on the other hand, employs a more modern and upbeat drum sound, but follows on smoothly by retaining the minimalist clicking. The splash-free gongs enhance the drumming, too, creating a good intermediate effect that is also very tribal. 'March Into Wonderland' is just that. This is one of the first tracks I ever heard by Snowwy and therefore a useful guide for me to gauge just how much she has progressed over the last couple of months. There is a much richer flavour to this tune now, and even the timing and synchronicity seems to have improved. This is one of the tracks which I consider to possess a slightly soft and feminine touch, not that any of the tracks on this demo are particularly harsh in the slightest. It's gentle and lively, perhaps even mellow, arriving at a sudden stop and then moving aside for 'Dance'. I think it's more of a march than a dance, but then Snowwy once told me that she can even dance to Rasthof Dachau, so you never can tell. Come to think of it, perhaps a demonstration would be in order? I like the sense of rising trepidation conveyed by 'The New Dawn'. The unremitting drums never allow you to rest for a single moment, although they do provide a rhythmic focus for the orchestral background. 'The Last Surviving Rose' has a more electronic sound and is like a minimalist Kraftwerk or Depeche Mode getting lost on the way to the Cenotaph. Another drum-change later and we're in the midst of a 'Stormy Night'. This is a little more experimental than its predecessors, the diminishing echoes bouncing off into the distance like metallic tennis balls. This, for me, is possibly the best track on the whole album and I could imagine this one sitting nicely on a Steinklang compilation. 'Faraway and Long Ago' is another extremely good tune. Like several other people, I detect a slight Chinese influence here, although I'm sure it's unplanned and purely coincidental. But nevertheless, picture a line of tanks rumbling through Tiananmen Square and you're not far off. 'Advance' is another dose of electronica, its measured ringing and controlled psychedelic swirls oozing with charm. Doused with a hypnotic timelessness and laced with crashing cymbals, 'Late October' is a return to standard neoclassical fare. The final offering, 'In the Snow', is a melodious plinking that is reminiscent of peeling church bells and serene twilight evenings beside the hearth. A fitting end to a great debut. For more information, please visit:

<http://www.myspace.com/snowwwwhite>

CD REVIEW

'Mind of Flesh and Bones' by Archon Satani
[OSR63CD]

Available from Cold Spring Records, P.O. Box 50, Northants., NN6 7PT, England.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

DESPITE being at the very forefront of everything that is new and exciting within the realms of Industrial, Noise and Dark Wave, it's always good to see Cold Spring release a classic album from the past. In terms of what is likely to appeal, this label seems to have a perpetual finger on the pulse and whilst this perceptive strategy worked beautifully with Laibach's 'Neu Konservativ' and all the Psychic TV reissues, it's undoubtedly worked here again. Archon Satani - which is now sadly defunct - was formed by Tomas Petersson (Ordo Equilibrio) and Mikael Stravöstrand (Inanna) back in 1990, and this album was originally released on the Staalplaat label three years later. The CD insert is a double-sided sheet fronted by an imperial eagle set in streaming rays of two-tone brown and beige hues. Underneath the CD itself, on the other hand, is a black and white sketch depicting an odd assortment of human bone, each fused together in an inexplicable expression of the macabre. The five tracks on the album come without titles and are therefore part of one nameless whole. The first of these opens with a droning bell and mechanical rustling, like shunting trains at a railway depot. Whispering vocals can be detected in the background, their painful words offered up like ritualistic murmurs on the wind. These haunting incantations become harsher as the song goes on, with the unyielding electronics refusing to budge. Other drones enter the fray, popping in and out like woeful visitors to a ward of migraine sufferers. The second track crackles and rumbles with an ominous air of gloom. Passing shards of metal assail the left side of your head and silence reigns for a few seconds before the same thing happens again. The repetition is eventually broken by an erratic hammering, steel knuckles rapping at the door of your mind like a robotic bailiff with an eviction order. The metallic sounds become more shrill and diverse, crashing and screeching their way towards you like the red-hot death throes of British Steel at the smelting works from Hell. The third offering has an ululating hum drifting along for a few moments prior to being battered incessantly whilst disparate segments flood the intermittent second-to-second void with an aural violence of their own. The vocals reappear, this time as metallic entreaties caught in the ambient cacophony of sound. After six minutes or so, things begin to slow down a little and we are left with lengthy, satanic chants and the original hum. Track Four opens in a menacing, but comparatively minimalist fashion. Sweeping drones that resemble a lone spillage at a ball-bearing factory, recorded in slow motion and punctured by a devastating thud, each swing of

circle and again utilises the vocal talents of Josef K. By this time, of course, it is quite clear to see that the association between the two groups is more than coincidental. In fact it's verging on the incestuous. A partial reprise of the earlier 'Soldato Cristiano', this perfect ten-minute finale is a whirlwind of German and Italian demagoguery mixed with a dash of French femininity, some deep harmonies and the desire for longevity, notoriety and historical perpetuity. This amazing track represents many cultural and linguistic aspects of the European mindset and is a timeless reminder that our destiny is One. A superb album.

CD REVIEW

'Cold Memories & Remains' by Violet Tears [FD028]

Available from The Fossil Dungeon, 42472 Hollyhock Terrace, Asburn, VA 20148, USA.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

THIS was my first introduction to both Violet Tears and Michael Riddick's Fossil Dungeon label in general. Riddick is supported by his brother, Mark, and each belong to the stunning American neo-Medievalist outfit, The Soil Bleeds Black. Violet Tears, on the other hand, hail from Bari in Italy and, although this is their very first album, were actually formed way back in 1998. The opening chimes of 'In the Throat of the Unbounded' invite us into a world of gentle synths and acoustic guitar. Carmen de Rosas' vocals remind me instantly of Goth legends, The Cure. In fact the band's image is also one of dark features combined with melancholic beauty, something which is reflected in their music. Here, the lyrics – despite their awkward English grammar – tell of physical exhaustion, depression and gloom. All your typical Gothic ingredients, in fact, but I do like the Robert Smith-style delivery a great deal. The lines of 'Silence' reflect upon death like a metaphysical poet from the old Romantic period. There are echoes of John Keats' own fears of mortality in the words 'Pain of death seems so far, so unreal / So, little further, time fades away and death will fondle you, sweet unknown'. The music is amazing on this second track, with steady drumbeats swaying like black roses in the wind. Rosas' pained vocals are wonderful, soothing the soul through the tinkering swathes created by Claudio Cinnella's simultaneously-generated piano and electric guitar. 'Polvere' is an Italian song, with Claudio Contessa handling the deep vocals and Rosas harmonising. The bass guitar on this song is Tiziana Tosto's sole contribution to the album and the drumming, rendered by Gianluca Altamura, is also very technical. 'Don't Wake Me Up' sounds like the mantra of mass society, but here it becomes the death-wish of a disillusioned dreamer in which nobody has any confidence. The music reminds me slightly of Ostara's 'Secret Homeland' period, but with Richard Leviathan replaced by Rosas' operatic ode to perpetual sleep. 'The Submerged and the Saved' is slighter darker in tone, stuttered riffs

and pedestrian beats accompanying lines about emotional neurosis and deterioration: 'Dead and empty, empty and alone in a high and still night / Which takes with itself fragments of death hidden in an empty broken and falling moon'. Grim stuff, indeed. The only criticism I would make of this song, is that – like one or two others – it has been composed in semi-fractured English, although that doesn't detract from the overall sound during the delivery process. Like fingernails down a blackboard, the squealing chord changes of a rumbling bass herald the arrival of 'Eternal Nights', the vocals quite distinctive but also similar to those of Siouxsie Sioux of Bromley Contingent favourites, The Banshees. 'Floating Into Nothing' starts off as a form of Dark Gothic ambience and its existentially nihilistic utterances about the meaninglessness of human existence are preceded by the heavy synths of the opening track. I love the no-nonsense vocals on this song and they remind me of Alzabeth's contribution to The Moon Lay Hidden Beneath A Cloud. The electric guitars of Cinnella and Contessa are combined on 'Angel In The Mirror' and the latter's vocals form a very powerful duet with Rosas. In my opinion, the addition of choral effects and bells combine to make this the best track on the album and this is a song you'll keep coming back to time and time again. Finally, 'Secret Words' – most notable, perhaps, for its complete absence of vocals – attributes its 'lyrics' to Altamura. In reality, however, it's an infectious instrumental foray in which Violet Tears get the chance to display their musical prowess before a striking bell concludes this enjoyably Romantic album and leaves you hungry for more. For more information, please visit: <http://www.violettears.com/>

CD REVIEW

'Necrosphere' by Necropolis [CSR51CD]

Available from Cold Spring Records, P.O. Box 40, Northants., NN6 7PT, England.

Reviewed by Troy Southgate

NECROPOLIS come from the large Siberian city of Irkutsk, a fortified military centre on the banks of Lake Baikal which also serves as one of the main administrative centres of the Russian Orthodox Church. The city is known for its harsh environment and can be found next to the famous Trans-Siberian Railway that runs all the way down Mongolia in the South. And I did mean South, by the way, not East, which just shows you how far to the East of Russia the city really is. In the early part of the twentieth century, Irkutsk was host to various clashes between the 'Whites' and the 'Reds' during the Civil War and the military presence is still very apparent today. Necropolis even took samples from disused missile shafts for this very project. There are two lengthy tracks on this album and the first of these, 'Necrosphere', was originally released on a CDR limited to just 85 copies. Needless to say, striking a deal with Cold Spring will certainly heighten their

notoriety and put Irkutsk on the musical map along with other local heroes such as Belyi Ostrog, Printsip Neopredelennosti and Chyorno-Belye Snimki. Try saying that after six glasses of cheap wine! The cover of the album shows a deserted building full of empty brick fireplaces, broken panes of glass, wooden beams, collapsed pipes and assorted rubble. 'Necropolis' runs to no less than twenty-nine minutes and begins life as a rumbling tunnel of medium-pitched droning and discordant shunting. The menacing vibrations sweep across you like an approaching storm, as though you were buried alive beneath a battlefield. This is what Dark Ambient is all about, providing aural props that stimulate the mind and allow the imagination to run wild. The effects remind me a little of the music that accompanies the nightmarish torrents of blood scene from the soundtrack of 'The Shining' by Wendy Carlos, but in this case dramatically punctuated on six-and-a-half minutes by a loud and unexpected crash that brings you back to your senses with a start. After that we have a gentle ambient interlude before a return to the claustrophobic surroundings of a subterranean hell. Everything about it is just so bleak and unsympathetically detached from the human condition. It's as though you were to find yourself in the womb of a monster. One is made to feel thoroughly uncomfortable and ill-at-ease on the one hand, but at the same time one remains aware that this unlikely sanctuary is far preferable to that which is waiting for you outside. An occasional knocking, watery disturbances and passing trains add to the overall uncertainty, but there are welcome moments of calm and tranquillity around the eighteen-minute mark. Synthesised tones, rising and falling, wash over you like a lullaby. But this is merely a brief respite as the distant rumbling and a sound like escaping gas slowly begins to increase. It's very threatening and oppressive, as the sense of beauty begins to disappear in the face of renewed hostilities. Indeed, towards the end one can just detect the sound of a droning aircraft, almost like the way the old paper planes disturb your dreams as they hum overhead on their nightly journey towards the coast. The second track, 'Morning Air', did not appear on the previous release and is just over fourteen minutes in length. The swaying effects that dominate the first few minutes are like taking LSD in a needlework factory. Not that I've tried it personally, mind, but the repetitive stuttering sounds like the effect you get when you pat your ears with the palms of your hands. In fact this music seems tailor-made for a trip down to the hallucinogenic mushroom patch and I can only imagine what it must sound like after a large dose of fresh caps and stalks. The constant rumbling and droning of the earlier track are still there, but the ambient imprint which flows across it all has a slight metallic quality. It has all the drama of a new dawn, as the sun rises across a post-nuclear wasteland and

illuminates the twisted horrors of the night before. Distorted vocals and a cacophony of radio frequencies add to the effect. This is a very nice album and it will be interesting to see how Necropolis can develop their sound in the months and years ahead. For more information about this project, please contact: <http://necropolis.wasteland.ru/>

BOOK REVIEW

'Necessary Words' by Raymond Tong, published by Athelney, a colophon of Anglo-Saxon Books, ISBN 1-903313-05-8.

Reviewed by Jonathan Bowden

WITH this poetical work, *Necessary Words*, Tong joins a number of relatively unknown Nationalist poets like Dick Cardmore (possibly a pseudonym for *Right Now's* Derek Turner), Michael Cope and Steven Taylor. All in all, these verses are a poeticisation of various articles in *Voice of Freedom*. For example, *Necessary Words*, the title refrain, deals with the unassailable nature of English identity. Whereas the next scald in, *Feeding the Pigeons*, laments the universalism of a charity which forgets everything happening here. Does it take reference from the fact that Mayor Ken Livingstone's banned feeding the pigeons in Trafalgar Square but Hizb ut-Tahrir regularly meets there? Where *In a Strange Land* and *My Home* both analyse the disorientation and alienation of the English as their country becomes 14% non-White. Poems as diverse as *The Arbiters*, *Observing the English*, *To a Hostel Warden* and *A Commonwealth Conference Photograph* then make an appearance. All of them dissect media distortion and lies, moral laziness, hypocrisy and a sort of Middle English blindness. Mr. Tong's essential point, in these stanzas, seems to be an attack on the milksop ethics of the philosopher, G.E. Moore, and the liberal platitudes they evince.

St. John and St. Anselm, *Triolet for St. John's* and *An Anglican Bishop* emerge in the book's middle section. They confer an obviously Christian and Anglican identity on the poet, but definitely of a militant and rather Evangelical hue. In these words our bard's adopting a muscular Christian tone, redolent of Victorian and Imperial divines, yet alienated from documents like *Faith in the City*. Perhaps there's more than a hint of Sir Henry Newbolt here...

Televised Protest, *Other Eden*, *In Another's Place* and *Stamp Issues* are verses towards the book's second half. They rehearse and extend already visited themes. These strophes choose to look at Japanese cultural imperialism, Anglo-Saxon aimlessness and the 'Right to Shop', together with the luxury of animal rights at a time when one's society is in free fall. Four other staves – *The Great Storm*, *Bosworth 1485*, *On the Statue of Oliver Cromwell at Westminster* and *Milton 1660* – adopt a new tone. These lyrics wax more historical, rooted, vanguardist and cross-referenced than before. While the mention of the Lord Protector and the



Commonwealth's Minister of Latin (i.e. foreign secretary) gives an English Protestant and heroic demeanour to Tong's efforts. Alternatively, *Gulls* and *The Pond* embody a more pastoral and evergreen temperature – a rallying cry to the fact that our poet is an English version of R.S. Thomas' aboriginal cymric. *Figures on a Desolate Landscape* and *After the Explosion*, however, seem more urgent and restless. Could our versifier be a New Apocalyptic without knowing it?

Finally, we need to end this review by concentrating on two bardic offerings. They carry the titles of *An English Prayer* and *I Let It Happen* respectively. The first happens to be a 'politically incorrect' liturgy reminiscent of the Reverend Robert West's delivery. The second reads like a moderate *cri de coeur* towards the author's lack of nationalist action. I believe that Excalibur's book arm sell Raymond Tong's *Words of Necessity* for £7.00. Buy it: **Excalibur, P.O. Box 116, Leeds LS27 9WW, England.** <http://www.bnp.org.uk/shopping/excalibur/index.php>

A SELECTION OF SIX POEMS

By Bill Hopkins

XANADU

The name of a mythical nowhere place
where impossible dreams may be enacted
is commemorated in double doors
of delusion
and windows awry
that portray
- in abstraction -
the magnificence of its happy madness.

CLAUDIAN LANDSCAPE

The terraces, ruined castles and waterfalls
always featured
in the romantic eighteenth-century landscapes
of Claude Lorrain -
but which nevertheless
 goaded Turner to jealousy -
are derided here
in abstraction,
guying the calculated formula
behind the 'artless' picturesqueness.

It is the god-humoured joshing
of one artist
by another.

HEROIC HEAD

The helmeted and visored structure,
referring to the classical images
of all legendary warriors
from antiquity,
in this case
ironically encloses emptiness.

The work poses the question:
"Was there ever anything more?
Is heroism only on minstrel's lips,
and the actuality
 an emptiness of fear?"

SOFT PERCEPTIONS

An insect-like construction
staring out interrogatively,
it is also inward-looking.

A dominant force
held in a stasis of reflections,
it offers a sphinx-like air
by offering itself for appraisal,
but
at the same time
appraising too.

In green bronze,
we are offered an enigma

in waiting and expectancy
without further explanation.

SALUTE TO HENRY MOORE

*(For Defending Brian Willsher's Work
Against the Authorities)*

In this sculpture
commemorating his bruising encounter
with Government bureaucrats
 in 1968
who declared outrightly
that his work was not recognised
as sculpture,
Willshire savagely gives
 a Behemoth's mask
to all bureaucracy,
incarnating its idiocy,
ignorance and brutality
in an indelible image.

THE PRINCE OF WAR

A classic work
combining the symbolism
of martial leadership,
war and heroism
pensively compounded
in an unfurled & flowing flag
of bronze,
interrupted only by a rapacious megaphone
given to oratory;
exhorting patriotism,
self-sacrifice,
destiny, and etc.

Born in Cardiff in 1928, Bill Hopkins was one
of the proverbial 'Angry Young Men' of the
1950s and, most notably, author of the
stunning anti-humanist novel, *The Divine &
The Decay*. These poems were selected by
Jonathan Bowden.



PLATFORM OF THE NEW RIGHT

NEW RIGHT is metapolitical beyond movements and organisations.

NEW RIGHT seeks to influence all parties and none.

NEW RIGHT puts intellect before dogma.

NEW RIGHT puts common sense before the party line.

NEW RIGHT will raise ideas above economics.

NEW RIGHT stands for tradition against modernity.

NEW RIGHT adds substance to human will.

NEW RIGHT gives meaning to action.

NEW RIGHT is virile and uranian, not impotent or tellurian.

NEW RIGHT meets chaos and discord with transversal solutions.

NEW RIGHT rejects egalitarianism and political correctness.

NEW RIGHT is elitist and anti-democratic.

NEW RIGHT defends the sacred against the profane.

NEW RIGHT is opposed to mass societies and plebian dictatorship.

NEW RIGHT stands for pan-Europa against American hegemony.

NEW RIGHT is polytheistic and supports diversity.

NEW RIGHT promotes the individual above individualism.

NEW RIGHT heals division with synthesis.

NEW RIGHT pursues a global agenda against globalisation.

New Right, BM Box LCRN, London WC1N 3XX, England.

<http://www.new-right.org>

